HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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AT BLUFF POINT, LAKE CHAMPLAIN.—DRAWN BY W. T. SMEDLEY.—[SEE PAGE 635.]

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THE SCHISM.

THE session of Congress still continues. The summer is passing, and the two measures to which, according to some Republican doctors in politics, Congress is bound by the election of MR. HARRISON are still under debate, and, we might say, still doubtful, although Senator HOAR expresses confidence that both will pass, unless prevented by Democratic obstruction. But there are plain signs of Republican opposition. Senator HISCOCK is of opinion that to do less than pass the tariff bill would "be not only an open violation of the most solemn pledges of the party platform for years; it would be perfidy to a direct trust imposed upon this Congress by the voters in 1888." But there is some difference of popular opinion in regard to the solemn imposition of a trust by that election. It is largely believed that the result was due to the use of money extracted from manufacturers and others for illicit purposes, to buying voters in blocks of five, and "to the sale of the Presidency for a Governorship" in the State of New York. Senator HOAR says that he thinks that a majority of the people of the United States firmly believe that the suppression of lawful votes "seated for four years in the President's chair a man who had no more title to that office than if he had never received a single honest vote." Undoubtedly a great many people so believe, but not more, probably, than believe that his successor was seated by corruption.

This kind of allegation, however, is a two-edged sword. The material fact is that protection was a prominent issue in the election, and that the Republican candidate, who represented protection, was elected. That the result, however, was not to be interpreted as Senator HISCOCK interprets it, as a mandate to Congress to pass the MCKINLEY bill, is shown by the fact that Mr. BLAINE disapproves that bill, and a large part of the Republican press and the North Dakota Republican Convention support him. Mr. BLAINE is certainly as good Republican authority as Mr. HISCOCK, and he understands popular "mandates" and the significance of elections quite as well. Mr. BLAINE, we presume, does not propose to leave his party. He understands the extent and strength in it of the moderate protective sentiment as expressed by President GARFIELD, and formerly held by the CLAY Whigs. He knows that there is practically no free-trade sentiment as a force to be reckoned with in politics, and that the general American view is a tariff for revenue, or indirect taxation with incidental protection. If it were not for circumstances which were made prominent in 1884, Mr. BLAINE, with his party ascendency, his political experience, ability, and address, would be the irresistible candidate of his party in 1892.

His reappearance as a conspicuous figure in the pending controversy is not, of course, an accident. His definite and positive demonstration of difference with the REED and MCKINLEY tariff scheme is not a sudden impulse. It is a well-considered plan. It is a distinct challenge for leadership, an unmistakable declaration that he is not to be set aside nor counted out. Whatever his personal views may be, and whatever the REED and MCKINLEY view of his availability in 1892, his action serves notice that there is a Republican opposition that would not think the failure of the MCKINLEY bill to be "perfidy." Senator PLUMB does not say, in protesting against high protection, "the people of the United States ought to have their innings some time," without the consciousness of a strong feeling in his party which sustains him. The response of the country to the MCKINLEY bill, and its evident effect upon the probability of its passage, properly suggest that the House limited debate to prevent that very response and its effect. The situation produced by Mr. BLAINE's demonstration is another strong argument for the unchecked deliberation of the Senate, because the situation reveals doubt even in the party of administration. In defence of the extraordinary action of a minority in debate upon extraordinary measures like the MCKINLEY tariff bill, Speaker REED said truly and forcibly when he was of the minority, "It is a valuable privilege for the country that the minority shall have the right by this extraordinary mode of proceeding to call the attention of the country to measures which a party in a moment of madness and of party feeling is endeavoring to enforce upon the citizens of this land." Mr. BLAINE's action shows more clearly than any other man could have shown that there is a serious Republican difference upon the interpretation of the mandate, and of the way in which it should be executed.

THE SPEAKER AND "X. M. C."

SPEAKER REED has replied to the strictures of "X. M. C." in the *North American Review* upon his ruling upon the voting of a quorum. The article maintained that the new rule, by which the Speaker may count a quorum, was not only open to various decisive objections, but was wholly unnecessary, because of an existing rule. The Speaker held that it was not necessary that a quorum should answer to the call of yeas and nays if upon count by the Clerk of the House the silent members would, in addition to the voting members, make up a quorum. The fifteenth rule was framed accordingly. But "X. M. C." says that rule eighth already provided that every member shall be present and vote, unless properly excused, and that the House has power to compel voting by inflicting a fine, which, until paid, practically suspends the functions of the delinquent member. All that was necessary, therefore, was to provide that for refusal to vote upon a proper summons from the Speaker, a member may be fined by the Speaker in a sum not exceeding fifty dollars, and shall not participate in the proceedings of the House until the fine is paid. "X. M. C." points out the impossibility of conforming to various provisions of the Constitution except by an actual vote by yeas and nays. For example, in voting upon a veto the result is to be determined by yeas and nays. But even if two-thirds of a counted but not voting quorum is recorded, and the record shows the total vote to be less than a quorum, what evidence is there of a constitutional decision?

The article was a very clever and apparently conclusive demonstration both of the needlessness and the inadequacy of the Speaker's famous decision. It excited general attention, and was attributed to Mr. BLAINE. It was altogether too clever and strong for the Speaker to scorn, and he has published a reply in the same *Review* which is also ingenious, but not conclusive. He is evidently stung by the tone of the criticism as well as by its force. There is unquestionably a certain contempt in "X. M. C.'s" treatment of the Speaker's course, and there is an air of irritation and restlessness in the reply. The Speaker chooses to consider the adoption of his rule as the act of the House. So it is. So all laws become such only by the act of Congress. But the member who proposes it is held to especial responsibility. Except for the Speaker the rule would have been neither proposed nor adopted. As for yeas and nays, he says the presence of a quorum is all that is necessary for the transaction of business, and that presence can be ascertained as well by the eye as the ear, and neither result is absolutely correct. But this is a quibble. Neither may be absolutely accurate, but one is much more satisfactory and better than the other. If the roll is called and the ear and count decide, every member can judge of the actual presence of a quorum. But when the decision is made by the eye alone, it is the eye of the Speaker or the Clerk, which is unsatisfactory, if for no other reason than that both Clerk and Speaker are interested on the same side. The specific case of the two-third vote mentioned by "X. M. C." the Speaker does not consider in his reply. The provision for yeas and nays, he says, is merely to inform constituencies how their Representatives voted, if they voted at all. But it was no less to inform a co-ordinate branch of the government whether in any case two-thirds of an actual quorum had overruled the veto. That the Clerk was satisfied of the presence of a quorum, although his record of votes does not show it, would not be evidence for the Executive.

The Speaker laughs at the proposal of "X. M. C." to do what even "the wonderful genius of Mr. BLAINE" as Speaker could not compass, namely, "make the horse drink." Assuming that refusal to vote is disorderly, and that the House may punish disorderly conduct, and that a fine, with practical suspension until paid, would be effective punishment, the Speaker argues that the infliction of a penalty is the prerogative of the House, which it cannot delegate to the Speaker. But the House does not delegate it. If, as the Speaker insists, the new fifteenth rule about counting a quorum is the act of the House, so a rule requiring the Speaker to call upon a member to vote, and to impose a specific fine if he still refuses, is the act of the House and not of the Speaker. Speaker REED accuses his critic of artfully confusing the power of the House and of the Speaker. But what else is he himself doing in this argument? The truth is that Mr. REED, as a member of the House, stated in 1880 the legitimate reason of the course which his rule aims to baffle. It is fair, and according to the American principle of holding the actual majority responsible. Senator HAWLEY, then a member of the House, agreed with Mr. REED. "The members of the minority of this House upon great occasions demand that every bill which is passed shall receive the absolute vote of a majority of the members elected." If the country has elected a majority of proslavery men to the House, let that majority pass fugitive slave bills, and deny the right of petition, and don't authorize them to shirk the duty of attending and voting by counting in, to make a voting quorum, the votes of Representatives who abhor slavery and maintain the right of petition. That was good parliamentary law thirty years ago, and it is good parliamentary law and American fair play now.

UNWILLING ENFORCEMENT OF LAW.

THE law requires that clerks in the railway mail service shall be appointed upon examination. The Albany *Argus* says that more than a year ago two clerks were dismissed from this service because they were Democrats. Mr. TRACEY, the Representative of the Albany district, demanded that the dismissal should be revoked, on the ground that the law had been violated. The Superintendent of the Railway Mail Service refused to act, but the Civil Service Commission, upon Mr. TRACEY's appeal, investigated the case and sustained him. The Post-office Department declined to act upon the report of the commission, and the commission laid the question before the President. He referred it to the Attorney-General, who, after a year's delay, has sustained Mr. TRACEY and the commission, and his decision ousts the two clerks illegally appointed. The decision does not affect the salaries. But as the late incumbents had no legal right to their offices, those who have certified to their payments could probably be compelled to refund. The law-breakers, of course, are not the two clerks illegally appointed, but those who made their appointment.

This decision, as the *Argus* says, is of great importance. But the reluctant action shows extreme unwillingness to enforce the reform law. It is not the course of an administration seriously interested in it, which has received a "mandate" from the people quite as definitely and positively as that assumed to be given to Congress to pass a tariff bill. We are unaware, except in the action of the commission, of any evidence of the interest of the administration in the enforcement of the law. Within the classified service there is no doubt that the rules are observed. But the declarations and promises of the platform and the pledges of the President were not limited to the classified service. We may be permitted to refresh the memories of Republicans by recalling the professions under which they came into power:

> "The reform of the civil service, auspiciously begun under Republican administration, should be completed by the further extension of the reform system already established by law to all the grades of the service to which it is applicable. The spirit and purpose of reform should be observed in all executive appointments, and all laws at variance with the object of existing reform legislation should be repealed, to the end that the dangers to free institutions which lurk in the power of official patronage may be wisely and effectually avoided."

A similar reluctance to that exhibited in the Albany case to remember and observe this admirable declaration is shown in the case of the violation of the law last autumn in Washington by an association of Virginia politicians bent upon the election of General MAHONE as Governor of Virginia. There is no doubt, we presume, that assessments were collected in violation of law. The facts have been in possession of District Attorney HOGE for several months, and it was his duty to proceed. He is perhaps waiting for instructions either from the Department of Justice or from the President. If there be no case, and the complaint must be dismissed, it would be a kind of triumph over the commission and the friends of reform, which would not be disagreeable apparently to the Executive department. The fact of pro-

longed delay justifies, under the circumstances, the conclusion that the evidence is adequate, but that there is great unwillingness to punish Republican "workers." Indeed a despatch from Washington says this very thing. "It is well understood that President HARRISON is averse to pushing the prosecution because the offenders are Republicans." Yet nothing would be a plainer sign of the President's fidelity to his volunteered pledges to promote reform than the prosecution of this case.

MASSACHUSETTS FARMS AND FARMERS.

SENATOR HOAR's recent statement that Massachusetts farming is not declining, that the farmers have only gone down the hills into the valleys, and that the statistical returns disprove the alleged decline, is questioned by Mr. JOHN E. RUSSELL, late member of Congress, and one of the ablest public men in Massachusetts. Mr. RUSSELL is peculiarly qualified to speak upon the subject, because he was for seven years Secretary of the State Board of Agriculture, and the opportunities of that office for acquiring exact information were not lost upon a man quite capable of comprehending its value.

In an interview reported in the Boston *Herald*, Mr. RUSSELL says that the statistics upon which Senator HOAR probably relied were somewhat misleading, because the products of gardens, orchards, and greenhouses near the cities were not generally included in the agricultural returns of 1865 and 1875, but in those of 1885 they appeared. The last State census, therefore, shows an increase of agricultural products with a remarkable decline in the population of the farming towns. The prodigious growth of agriculture within ten miles of Boston is one of the wonders in the history of farming. Hadley, a sequestered village on the Connecticut, was the first agricultural town in the State in 1875. But the city of Worcester held that place in 1885, and Hadley was sixth on the list. In 1875 Welbraham held the sixteenth place, but in 1885 it had fallen to the one-hundred-and twenty-ninth. In 1875 Boston was seventh, but second in 1885.

It is in the supply of milk and in market gardening around cities that the increase has taken place. But, as the Springfield *Republican* remarks, there is a serious difference between a farmer and a market gardener. The rural republic which sustained the Revolution and gave the impulse to American development was a farming not a market-gardening community. The statistics of products alone are not a key to the actual character or condition of the agricultural interests.

THE QUEER BRITISH PUBLIC.

ONE of the cases in which the "British public," as it is called, cuts a queer figure has been exciting great attention in London, so that Mr. SMALLEY dignifies it by mention in his weekly letter. Lord DUNLO, the son of an Irish peer—Lord CLANRICARDE—married a music-hall singer, and thereupon Lord CLANRICARDE sent his son around the world, expecting that during his absence the misconduct of his son's wife would justify a divorce upon his return. But such was not the result. The circumstances which were cited against her were held by the jury not to sustain the charge of misconduct.

The verdict was universally approved. There was a feeling of indignation against Lord CLANRICARDE for laying a snare for his daughter-in-law. Lady DUNLO was cheered on leaving the court-room, and celebrated her victory by going in state, as it were, to a music hall to see her sister sing and dance. The audience greeted her with cheers. She rose and bowed from her private box, like the Queen. The British public had a new heroine of an hour, and the radical press cried shame on a wicked aristocracy. In the column of the paper parallel with that in which this incident is mentioned is published a despatch gravely cabled from England, announcing that Lord and Lady DUNLO are reconciled, and that Lady DUNLO will make a tour of the provinces, appearing in the character of Venus.

More comical information has not been recently vouchsafed to a candid world. It is an illustration of the simple childishness of the British public to which the "virtue" of the English melodrama appeals, and which is not known elsewhere. Indeed the aspects of life in London are as entertaining to the observer now as they were to GOLDSMITH's Chinese philosopher, and the essence of the comedy is the calm wonder of the Londoner at the comedy of other countries. Although the incident is of the police court kind, Mr. SMALLEY is justified in mentioning it as a curious illustration of British character which makes such an incident important.

HORSE-RACING AND STATESMANSHIP.

LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL is a droll figure in English politics. He is a member of Parliament who was noted for some time for "flocking by himself" as a kind of Democratic Tory, a rôle which some young Englishmen have taken from DISRAELI's novels and DISRAELI's career. At the overthrow of the GLADSTONE administration, Lord RANDOLPH appeared in the cabinet of Lord SALISBURY, and after a brief and sensational term he disappeared, with the consent of his colleagues, and apparently of his country. For some time he has seemed to be striving vainly to regain his place. But he now says to a reporter, "Since I left the cabinet I have not received a letter upon any matter whatsoever from any of those I once called colleagues."

It is a suggestive confession of unimportance; and his lordship adds, having Vivian Grey in mind, that horse-racing is more to his taste than statesmanship. His lordship has been with Sir Charles Coldstream. He has tried statesmanship, and found nothing in it. If he cannot guide the policy of Great Britain, he will bet on a favorite at Newmarket. No gentleman cares to bother himself with the destiny of nations.

Lord RANDOLPH is a clever man undoubtedly, but the trouble is that he does not see that a man who refuses to take himself seriously will not be taken seriously by others. A very earnest man may have *gaité du cœur*, but he will never be considered a coxcomb. His lordship may be a much abler man than Mr. W. H. SMITH, but Englishmen would probably feel that Mr. SMITH, if not picturesque or brilliant or amusing or eccentric, is a much safer leader of the Commons than a gilded youth who protests that he prefers horse-racing to statesmanship.

THE LATE MR. SCHUYLER.

No man in New York bore the name of gentleman with better right than the late GEORGE LEE SCHUYLER, who died suddenly at New London a few days since, on the yacht *Electra*. He was a modest and quiet man, and his name was not conspicuous in the press. But he was a close observer of affairs; his mind was hospitable to every generous aim and movement, and, while not aggressively radical, every liberal enterprise had his hearty sympathy. His frank and cordial manner was the natural expression of a joyousness of temperament which no circumstance could daunt, and his heart was as warm and fresh at eighty as in his younger day.

By marriage he renewed the early alliance of the HAMILTONS and SCHUYLERS, and his home maintained the traditions of the intellectual and refined hospitality which is associated with what were known formerly as the great families of New York. A simplicity of nature, which is characteristic of what CHARLES LAMB called "very gentility," and a gay humor and love of manly sports and out-door life, which belong especially to the English-speaking race, made him a delightful host and a charming companion. He was one of the earliest of American yachtsmen, and the last survivor of the group of gentlemen who owned the *America* when she won the most famous yacht race that was ever sailed.

He was distinctively an American in feeling and conviction, and his patriotic zeal and efficiency during the war were of peculiar and recognized service. His respect for his grandfather led him to the preparation of two or three historical contributions to our literature at the time when Mr. BANCROFT said of himself that he had aroused such a nest of grandsons that he was stung all over. With her Dutch placidity of indifference to her great sons and citizens, New York has not yet done full justice to PHILIP SCHUYLER. Mr. GEORGE SCHUYLER's death was very sudden. At a ripe age he ceased from life with no "slow gradations of decay," and his name will always summon a bright and cheery presence to the memory of those who had the happiness to know him.

A WORD FOR WOMEN.

MR. HAMILTON WILLCOX, Chairman of the State Executive Committee of the Woman Suffrage party, has recently written two trenchant letters, one to Governor HILL, and the other to President MACLEAN, of the Police Board, calling attention to a proposed injustice to women in this State. Mr. WILLCOX points out to the Governor that the new State Factory Inspector has announced in effect that he has prescribed disqualification for the office of female factory inspector by stating that no married woman shall be eligible for appointment who is not living with her husband.

This, in Mr. WILLCOX's judgment, is an assumption of legislative power by enacting penalties not otherwise provided by law, and an assumption of judicial power by deciding upon whom such penalties shall fall. The Inspector proposes to inflict penalties not provided by law, and to inflict them without due trial. Mr. WILLCOX does not deny to the Inspector the right in his discretion to refuse to appoint a particular woman separated from her husband. But he holds an arbitrary rule disqualifying every such woman to be an unconstitutional and wrongful exercise of official authority which demands the Governor's intervention. A man may abuse his wife so as to compel her to leave him. Is this abuse also to disqualify her for honorable employment?

The letter to President MACLEAN urges him to action under the law authorizing the appointment of matrons in station-houses. Mr. WILLCOX wrote because of the report that the law would not be executed. It is now announced, however, that it will be, and the strong appeal of the letter may have been of good service. Incidents mentioned by Mr. WILLCOX prove the imperative necessity of such appointments, which in other States and cities have been of the greatest service in the correction of conduct in the station-houses. The condition and life of the station-houses in New York are as little known to the better parts of New York as East London to the West End.

THE PRESIDENCY OF AMHERST.

THE change of recent years in our college system, which brings the college into closer relation with life, is signally illustrated in the unanimous election of President GATES, of Rutgers, as President of Amherst, even while his invitation to Oberlin is still pending. The tradition of Amherst is peculiarly clerical. The institution is comparatively modern, but it was founded strictly with the purpose professed in the beginning of Harvard—to provide "a godly clergy." But it has not escaped the spirit of the times which would make the standards of a college literary and scientific rather than theological and ecclesiastical, and which seeks for a President a scholarly and accomplished executive officer rather than a technical pedagogue.

Dr. GATES is still in his early prime, with large experience in the direction of academic affairs. A graduate of Rochester, he went to the headship of the Albany Academy, and after other similar invitations, to the Presidency of Rutgers College eight years ago. His service there has been so effective and satisfactory as to command attention, and his simultaneous call to Oberlin and Amherst is not surprising. Although not a clergyman, he is a direct descendant of one of the two great New-England divines—JONATHAN EDWARDS. The other is WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING. His father was SETH M. GATES, a member of Congress from New York, noted for his strong antislavery convictions.

Dr. GATES, although born in western New York, is thus a New-Englander in the large sense, and he is in full sympathy with the general traditions of Amherst. As we write, his decision is not known, but may be announced at any moment. It may be that he would be reluctant to leave a college with which he is identified, to which he has given larger honorable renown, and which offers him by its close neighborhood to New York at once rural seclusion and the great advantages for study and immediate contact with life which are found in a metropolis. But there are prizes in every career, and the Presidency of Amherst, like that of Rutgers, is a prize.

PERSONAL.

THE retirement of Mr. CHARLES NORDHOFF from the field of active journalism concludes a remarkable career. We shall doubtless hear again from Mr. NORDHOFF in the field of authorship, where he is already so well known as the writer of Cape Cod stories and of books having great and permanent value, like *Politics for Young Americans* and *God and a Future Life*. But it is as a newspaper editor that for more than thirty years Mr. NORDHOFF has most closely touched and influenced popular opinion and action. Before the war he was editorially associated with the New York *Evening Post*, rising to the highest position on the staff of that paper, from which he retired in 1871. Three years later Mr. JAMES GORDON BENNETT chose him to fill the new and responsible position of Washington editor of the New York *Herald*. As chief of the *Herald* Bureau at Washington, Mr. NORDHOFF organized and developed this new department in journalism, giving it the characteristics of his own strong personality — courage, independence, flexibility, and common-sense. The circumstances of his retirement, while evincing the value and importance of Mr. NORDHOFF's long and faithful service, reflect the greatest honor upon Mr. JAMES GORDON BENNETT. The retirement of Mr. NORDHOFF on half-pay for life reminds us of the like appreciation by the elder BENNETT of the late Mr. FREDERIC HUDSON's fidelity during a long and successful editorial career. Such examples are as noble as they are rare. Mr. NORDHOFF retires to the home of his choice in Lower California, a country which, in a recent and interesting book, he has made familiar to American readers.

—JOAQUIN MILLER has become an almost perfect recluse at his house near Oakland, California, and rarely receives visitors. He writes during the forenoon, generally while lying in bed, and spends the afternoon in superintending an olive-tree plantation of fifty acres.

—Of the sixty delegates who met in Philadelphia fifty-seven years ago to make the first organized effort against slavery in this country, but two remain—JOHN G. WHITTIER, the poet, and ROBERT PURVIS. The latter still lives in Philadelphia, and is eighty years old. Although not of African blood, he inherits the tinge of the dusky Moor from his grandmother, who was captured by a slave-trader. In England his kinsmen are accorded high social honors, and one of them commands a fleet.

—Miss HATTIE HESTER is the United States mail-carrier over a forty-mile route through a sparsely settled region in Montgomery County, Georgia. She is not twenty years old; but besides delivering the mail in person three times a week, she manages a farm, doing much of the work herself, and supports her widowed mother and three other members of the family.

—A whistling buoy has dissipated the dream of Mrs. ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS WARD of building an ideal house at Eastern Point, Gloucester, Massachusetts. The site she and her husband had chosen was that on which *Gates Ajar* was written, and it was a favorite resort of them both till the permanent location of the shrieking buoy there drove them away.

—Princess BEATRICE, who has made a study of lace, is writing a book on the subject, and she will furnish the illustrations.

—Retirement from office and its cares agrees with Prince BISMARCK. His health is better than it has been for some time.

—WARD MCALLISTER has a farm near Newport, Rhode Island, where he raises cattle, sheep, and poultry. In summer he sells his cream, milk, chickens, and mutton in Newport, and in winter New York furnishes a market for them.

—Marian Crawford keeps himself in fine physical trim by fencing and indulging in other athletic exercise.

—The present heroine at Lisbon, Portugal, is Fräulein JOHANNA MAESTRICK, a German girl of marked beauty, who has just made her début as a bull-fighter.

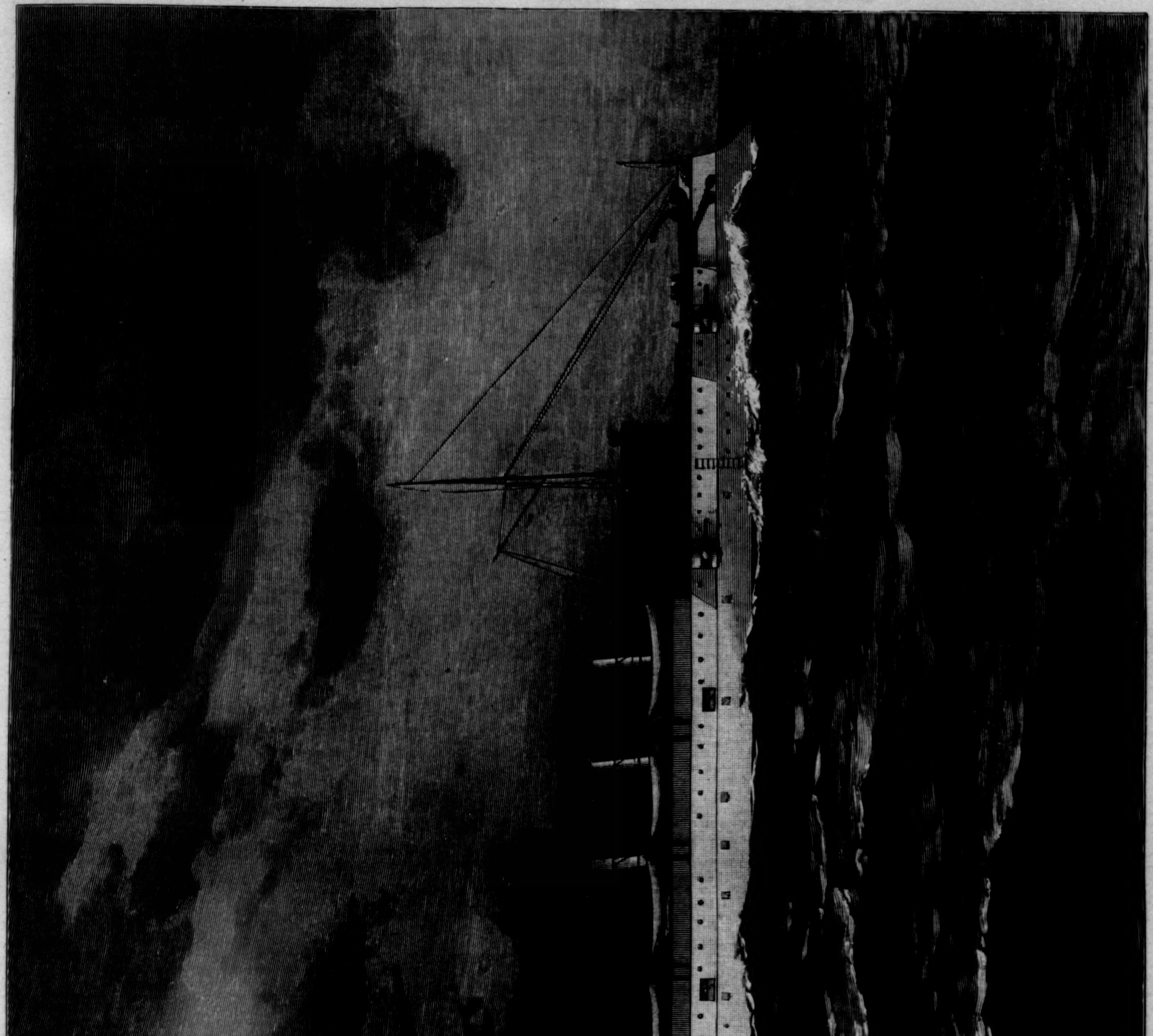
—A marble medallion has recently been placed in the abbey at Tewksbury, England, as a memorial to DINAH MARIA MULOCK (MRS. CRAIK). The town was a favorite resort of MRS. CRAIK, and she wrote *John Halifax, Gentleman*, there.

—JOHN TINSLEY, a colored man, who remembers WASHINGTON, and knew HANCOCK and HOPKINS, two of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, lives in Toronto, Ontario, at the age of one-hundred-and-seven years. He formerly was a resident of Richmond, Virginia.

—NATHANIEL R. LOCKE, father of Petroleum V. Nasby, died recently at Toledo, Ohio, at an advanced age. He was a veteran Methodist, and a prominent abolition and temperance worker in the days before the war.

—Mlle. SARMISA BILCESCO, the first woman to be admitted to the practice of law in France, is only twenty-three years old. She is pretty, and belongs to one of the richest families in Roumania. Having overcome the obstacles put in her way by the professors of law in Paris, she will return to Bucharest and seek admission to the bar there. She does not care to practise herself, but wishes to pave the way for the granting of higher privileges to her sex in Roumania.

TEACHING A MUSTANG PONY TO PACK DEAD GAME.—Drawn by Frederic Remington.—[See Page 634.]



THE NEW 7300-TON CRUISER OF THE UNITED STATES NAVY, AUTHORIZED BY ACT OF CONGRESS APPROVED JUNE 30, 1890.—[See Page 635.]

A DIFFICULT SUCCESS.

"LAND o' man! but you are smart to think on it!" exclaimed Aunt Hepsy Wakefield, in undisguised admiration, when the minister's new wife had unfolded her plan of paying the church debt by means of a cookery-book. "I'd pay fifty cents to git Mis' Dea. Hubbell's recipe for rozbry shrub, any day. Law, I've ast that woman for't unnumbered times, but I hain't never got it. An' readin' cook-books ain't a waste o' a woman's time, for there never was a man so shiftless he wa'n't enterprisin' enough to try new victuals."

Mrs. Wharton, installed in one of the great Boston rockers flanking the stove, which now gazed at the world with a very red cyclopean eye, took out a neat note-book and a trim lead-pencil. "I particularly want the recipe for those excellent doughnuts you made for the last missionary meeting," she began, in that historical tone which conveys a compliment with greater delicacy than any other. Then, with an utter disregard of the fact that she had been warned she could get nothing definite from either Aunt Hepsy or Mrs. Dea. Hubbell, she continued: "And I am going to ask you to be exact in measures. I have found the average cookery-book somewhat uncertain," and she sighed with retrospective weariness, thinking of the occasional failures in the parsonage kitchen.

"Wall, it has allus 'peared to me there was somethin' in cookin' ye couldn't tell, like twice two, say," and Aunt Hepsy sagely nodded her head and looked at her visitor over her spectacles in a way that made her benevolent old face seem four-eyed. "An' some folks takes to it natural, an' some don't. An' that ain't provided for in the rules."

"That's just what I think," interposed Mrs. Wharton, nervously; "but I want my book helpful to those who have no natural knack. Now how much milk do you use for doughnuts?"

"Why, that all depends on how many you want to make. When I was married to my first, Levi Corp by name—and a dreadful smart man he was, too—one of them Corps from Lowville—I used to make a bushel for a batch, an' though I say it, I never made a bushel as wa'n't et, an'—"

"And is the milk sweet, or sour?"

"Why, both, ye know. My, I never shell forget the first batch I ever made! I'd ben married a fortnight an' 'twas comin' harvest, an' fillin' the men was like fillin' a colander with water, an' I'd never cooked any to speak of, our folks to home bein' great hands to stram out things an' I a good sewer. But I sez to myself: 'Hepsy Skinner,' sez I, 'you've married a man as has to work, an' you'll hev to take a holt,' an' I took a holt lively. Them fust doughnuts was good as any I ever made, an' it was forty-five years ago come June I made 'em."

"I have no doubts of their excellence. Now kindly tell me how much sweet milk and how much sour," persisted Mrs. Wharton.

"That's all in the sourness of the sour milk. I never let mine git sour as fury. You can tell ginerally jes how sour 'tis by the fizz when ye put in the soda. Some women never have the knack to learn to do that exact. My twin-sister Liddy Ann was one of them kind, an' if a woman can't cook, what is she with men thinkin' more of their poor mortal stomics than they do of their immortal souls! I don't say Liddy couldn't cook at all, but she wa'n't reliable; an' I've allus thought that was one reason 't Elnathan—that was her husband; he was nephew to old Gineral Silas Stone—married agin afore she was fairly cold in her grave. Not that I'm agin second marryin's," she added, quickly, remembering that the minister's wife was a second "helpmeet," "but I believe in payin' proper respect, an' so forth, an' when Elnathan went off an' married Luwella Ware six months after Liddy's funeral was preached, I will say that I said to Mr. Jackson—I was livin' with my second then, Dea. Jackson—sez I, 'I hope Elnathan'll git his come-uppance in this world, and not wait till the next, which, whatever we say about it, ain't as well known to us as this.'"

The snow had begun to beat with muffled insistence on the windows, and the yellow canary in the gilded cage, feeling more comfortable, began to chirp. Buster, the ginger-colored terrier by the stove, snored, and the tall, big-faced clock ticked solemnly, as became its years.

"Aunt Hepsy is a splendid cook, but ye can't git nothin' out of her," Mrs. Dea. Hubbell had told the minister's wife, "but I'll do all I kin fer ye. I do wish, though, ye'd git her doughnut recipe. She does beat us all at them."

A school-teacher for twenty-one years, Mrs. Wharton had no mean opinion of her ability; but she was discouraged, and recklessly determined to give "one of the two best cooks in Bartlett" her own way for a time.

"I s'pose it was the doughnuts put me in mind of Luwella," went on Aunt Hepsy, meditatively, and scratching her head with her fourth knitting-needle. "Her first was my second cousin, an' if he had a temper, he was a good doctor, and had the kindest heart that ever beat, a'most; an' when folks got to callin' her poor Mis' Ware, an' a-sayin' they didn't live happy, I allus suspected as she aggravated him to death with her cool, calculatin' ways. Them soft-spoken, creepy little women are like cats, an' have claws under their soft mittins, I've found. But I never said a word, thinkin' 't what I didn't say couldn't be repeated; an' in Orin's last sickness—he died, like Liddy, of consumption—he couldn't touch a bite of the doughnuts I used to take over, though they was his favorite cake. Caused a kind of brilin in his stomic, he said, which wa'n't the way Liddy was, for she took comfort with her victuals till she was at the brink of the grave, which did us all good to think on as a mercy."

"And what did the widow do to your brother-in-law?" asked Mrs. Wharton, the cookery-book for the moment forgotten.

"Do? Well, she did enough!" Aunt Hepsy knitted with violent energy for a few moments, evidently arranging her recollections. "Ye see, he was allus full of some crinkcrankum or other, Elnathan was. Afore the war it was abolition. Land! I remember when he wouldn't step foot in a meetin'-house where the preacher didn't pray for the enslaved African reg'lar. An' then 'twas spirit-rappin's, an' next he got an idee of startin' a New Jerusalem on earth, as if we poor sinful critters could git up a city 'at would shut the devil out. When Luwella married him he was a-goin' in for reform ginerally, an' he said it was flyin' in the face of Providence to have prop'ty insured. Well, after they'd been married three months the big fire swep' the town, an' his stave-mill with the rest, an' he with stuff on hand that should 'a' ben delivered to his customers an' got paid for, but he'd been too deep reformin' creation to 'tend to it. An' there he was without a cent to his name but the land where the mill stood, an' real estate was low jes then, an' the stave-mill was too near the flats."

"He certainly needed a wife then," broke in the minister's wife. It was a notion of hers that all widowers need wives.

"*I* should say so; but *she* took that time to up an' leave him. She said she had enough for one, but not enough for two, an' off she went as cool as you please to Le Ray, where she had a house an' lot. Elnathan, for all he was 'most fifty an' quite bald an' a grandfather, thought the world an' all of her; an' what with the fire an' all his brain was upsot; an' one mornin'—it was in the fall of the year, an' cold to go to your marrer-bones—I was a-fryin' doughnuts, the riz kind, tough enough to make wagon springs on—my husband, Mr. Jackson, wouldn't eat no other sort—when who should walk in but Elnathan, as wet as a drownded rat. 'What has happened?' sez I, 'an' where under the canopy hev ye ben?'"

"'In the canal basin a-drowndin' myself,' sez he, kinder overcum like; 'but I couldn't stan' it, an' clum out, it was so dum cold.'"

"Did he die?" asked Mrs. Wharton, resuming the note-book.

"No. I give him pepper tea, an' number six, an' a corn sweat. The next thing he tried to buy pisen, but he couldn't git any, an' old Dr. Scrann frightened him by tellin' him there wa'n't no use to try to kill himself, he could bring him to. After that Elnathan quieted down and begun inventin', an' what he called 'his drawin's' were a sight to see. He staid the most of the time with us, Mr. Jackson bein' a generous man as never begrudged anybody a meal of victuals. But come spring he went to Martha's, an' come March she got her nose set to clean house, long afore there was any sense o' takin' down stoves. I sez to her, 'Martha,' sez I, 'we hain't had the equinoctial, an' we're sure to hev it as sunup.' But Martha was all Stone, an' as set as a chunk of iron, an' when she'd been at it four days, an' it was rainin' almost solid water, she come over to my house as tight as she could run, a-askin' for her father. 'Some of his work has been mislaid, an' nothin' will make him believe it wa'n't done a purpose, when you know how things git lost in cleanin',' sez she. 'I was in hopes he come over here, but he started up street, an' the children are comin' down with what looks to me like mumps on both sides, though the doctor says it's chicken-pox, an' Betty Martin has just had word that her man has come off the canal drunk again, an' she says she must go home right off to keep the roof on.'

"I put on my rubbers an' went home with her, but I didn't feel there was any comfort I could take her, I felt that low in my spirits. I see Martha was right about the children. It was mumps on both sides; an' the doctor he was right too, for they had chicken-pox. Them children was all Skinner, an' great hands to git through with a good deal to once, an' they was a stent to the nation, you may believe, for a while. Wall, Dea. Jackson he hunted high an' low fur Elnathan till late that night. My! I never shall forget a-settin' in Martha's back parlor, an' the carpet up, an' not a mite of comfort anywheres in the house for anybody. All I could think on was how Liddy Ann sot store by Elnathan, an' how he, bein' naturally contrary, an' it goin' with the disapp'intments of this world it should be so, had jes sot his heart on Luwella Ware, who, for all her promises at the altar to love an' cherish an' so on, had up an' lef' him. An' along toward daybreak it come into my mind like a flash 'at Elnathan had sensed how Liddy Ann felt toward him, an' had piked off to the cem'try.

"'Land o' compassion, Hepsy! that cem'try is as cold an' lonesome as Greenland's icy mountains an' Injy's coral strand to boot,' sez the deacon, when I took him to one side an' told him what had come into my head.

"'Wall,' sez I, 'you go an' look, or hev somebody.' An' he see I was in earnest; an' I'll say this for the men I've married—each one on 'em started when I was determined. An' sure enough there they found Elnathan lyin' as dead as a nail on Liddy's grave like it was a sofa," and Aunt Hepsy paused to wipe a very genuine tear from her blue eyes.

"Of course we worked over him, but there wa'n't a mite of use," she continued. "I helped to lay him out myself, an' with his white curly hair an' the white shroud that Martha would have, he looked for all the world as sweet as a double white-piny."

The tall, big-faced clock began to strike solemnly, as became its age and size, and Buster roused himself and began to listen. "A sad story, a very sad story," said the minister's wife, with interest. "Five o'clock. How time flies! We must go back to the recipe. Now if you will tell me what you measure the milk in?"

Aunt Hepsy went into the kitchen and returned with a large coffee-cup, half blue, half white. "There," said she, when she had set it on the table, "when I measure I use that; but, law, I allus could knock doughnuts together without any cup. When the milk is jes the right sour, I use up to the blue; an' as for aigs, use plenty ef ye have plenty—but you ain't called on to use all you can lay hands on ef they're fifty cents a dozen. An' as for salted aigs, them that hanker after 'em can have 'em, though, to be sure, when there's nothin' elst to be got, you can use 'em. An' sweetenin', wall, the men folks 'll tell ye as to that. There was Mr. Jackson, now, never wanted a mite, an' Mr. Wakefield, my present husband, can't git too much. An' shortenin', wall, there ye are again; too much spiles 'em, an' too little—wall, I never was one to make things so skimpy they couldn't be et, which, after all, is what victuals is for."

"And flour?" said Mrs. Wharton, with an air of helpless defeat.

"Look out fer that; the new kind's drier'n powder, an' 'fore ye know it you'll have brickbats 'stid o' doughnuts. Allspice is my seasonin'. The men like it, an' they are the hearty eaters; an' that makes me think of Elnathan agin. When he'd been dead a year, an' Martha was a-tryin' to put him up a monument, she showed them drawin's of his to a Mr. Hubbard, one of the machine-shop men, and, sir, they was wuth money. Perhaps Elnathan wasn't so crazy as he seemed to us. Anyways, Martha has got a new brick house with a veranda, an' a bush-house all glass, an' a horse an' pheaton an' I don't know what all, out of what her poor pa made up as you may say right out of his head."

Buster had risen, and putting his nose to the crack of the door, voiced his pleasure in an eager whine. Mr. Wakefield, Aunt Hepsy's "fourth," was coming briskly up the snow-covered walk. "When shall you make doughnuts?" asked the minister's wife, with a sudden inspiration.

"To-morrow morning."

"May I come and see you?"

"Certain," said Aunt Hepsy, with mingled pride and hospitality, "*an' ef ye want any more* o' my rules, I'll give 'em to ye 'th pleasure."

"An' ef ye hain't got Miss Hubbell's recipe for shrub!" cried Aunt Hepsy, when, six months later, the cookery-book was printed, and, to the delight of all the younger generation of house-keepers, contained the most delicate secrets of the two best cooks in Bartlett. "How'd she come to tell ye?"

"Oh, there are different ways of getting at things," replied the discreet minister's wife.

ELIZABETH CUMINGS.

TEACHING A PONY TO PACK GAME.

YOU have had plenty of hard work, and at last have knocked over your antelope or your deer, and you are ten miles from camp. Can anything be more disgusting under such circumstances than to find out that your pony has a deep-seated antipathy to carry dead game? Nothing spoils one's temper more than a scrimmage with an obstinate beast under such circumstances. If you happen to be alone, the chances are that the horse will get the better of you. Then all you can do is to take a choice cut or two from the quarry, carry that along, and leave the rest for the vermin to devour. Some horses have an instinctive dread of a dead animal, and abhor the scent of blood. Suppose, however, you are lucky enough to have a comrade or two with you, and you do succeed in packing the game on the pony's back, it is not always such plain sailing after that. You are quite likely to have an exhibition of bucking such as you never saw before, and unless you have taken the necessary precautions, the conclusion may be the disappearance of the pony and his game, and then there is a lost "critter" to be looked up.

In addition to his willingness to carry game, a pony should possess another accomplishment, and that is to know how to be led. It would seem natural enough that a horse with a halter and strap or rope would consent to follow without the least trouble or objection the man mounted on another horse. But there is a streak of "cussedness" in half-bred ponies which too often crops out. He refuses to be led or to follow. It is exasperating to be going along at a fair gait, leading a pony, which in the kindness of your heart you want to save, when all of a sudden, for no possible reason, he comes to a full stop or yields but grudging obedience. He will strain at the rope, giving you and your horse a vast amount of unnecessary labor. Lessons in equine education imparted to green horses in the school of the plains are short and violent. The rope is thrown round the neck of the lagging pony, and he follows or chokes. The means employed would not meet with the approval of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, but the Indian pony comes in that category of beasts which was summed up by the Mexican horse-breaker. "Señor," he said, "they are not Christian animals."

The incomparable hunting pony is the one which will allow you to shoot off of his back, and will be as steady under such a trial as is the iron carriage of a cannon. Another fine trait is for him to be entirely indifferent as to the character of his pack. Oh, the jeers and strong epithets hurled at a man who, coming into camp without meat, says: "I shot a couple of antelope, but the cussed horse would not carry 'em. I just wore him out, and he wore me out too, but 'twasn't no use. Them antelope is eight mile from here." Then, with much grumbling, the outfit goes to sleep supperless.

Mr. Remington presents the situation when a pony declines to carry game. The arguments employed can hardly be called persuasive. First the slip-knot is thrown around that pony's neck, and if he is unruly a throttling process follows. A second rope has secured him by the foreleg, about the fetlock. Should he show any disposition to be ugly not much mercy will be shown him. The two men—one before him, one behind him—will throw him. Generally it is rather terror than wickedness the horse exhibits. The third man will dump the game on his back, and secure it there, but the beast is not free yet, for he is still secured by the two ropes. If he can now be induced to come along pleasantly, requiring only a gentle reminder now and then by means of a tug, it will be all well enough for him, but if he shows temper, with inclination to buck, ropes are hauled taut, and quirts administered without mercy. Two or three lessons of this character generally suffice, but there are horses whose obstinacy about allowing game to be packed on them is so ingrained that it can never be overcome.

The abuse of horses in the cattle business has very much diminished during the last few years. As a simple business consideration it has been found that rough handling of horses "did not pay." The task of horse-breaking has become less difficult, owing to the changed character of the animals. With the introduction of what is known as "State horses" the offspring has become more docile. Not only has the build of the horse improved, but with it has come a better intelligence.

NEW YORK ON A SUMMER'S NIGHT.

CITY life is many-sided, and offers itself to receptive minds under many conditions. The delights of the metropolis in winter require no argument or insistence. "Good wine needs no bush." But the pleasures of a great city in grilling weather are open to argument. New York, admirably situated to catch the sea-breezes, with the valley of the Hudson opening to the north like a great funnel, and naturally creating a draught, is a city of surprises in hot weather. Deliciously cool days often alternate with oppressively hot ones; and one of the warmest of the present season was followed by a day the temperature of which was twenty degrees lower. While this is an exceptional change, there are many which approximate to it. In cool summer weather New York is as agreeable a resort as one could wish for, with its immense variety of interests and enjoyments; and it is then that those obliged to stay in town, who have pleasant houses and the privilege of delightful near-by excursions, felicitate themselves, and pity those condemned by the whirl of fashion or the tyranny of habit to country hotels and boarding-houses, or the chance and mischance of watering-place life.

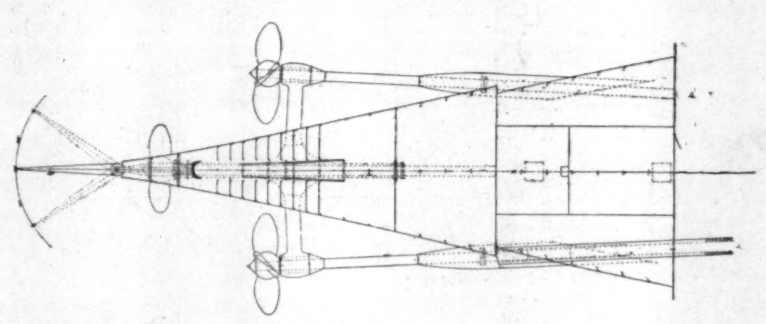
But what shall we say of those numerous days when the mercury lingers in or about the nineties, the steaming air like an invisible sponge, and walls and pavements emitting waves of reflected heat? It is then that prisoners of the city suffer weariness of spirit and torment of the flesh. Members of the middle or better classes can indeed palliate distress by the alternation of Coney Island, Rockaway, and numerous other outing-places, but the masses are obliged to stay and swelter. The tenement-house region on a hot summer night presents a spectacle which would suggest pictures for a nineteenth-century Dante in writing a new "Inferno."

At the worst, however, there are certain features of New York which offer some relief, perhaps, indeed, sometimes keen enjoyment, to the victims of a summer night in the city. Battery Park, once the seat of fashion and a gay pleasaunce for aristocrats, is a breathing-place of inestimable value to the poor. Cool breezes are here to fan perspiring brows, and the lapping of the waters carries suggestions of the broad and mighty ocean. The situation is a superb one, the view by day or night entrancing in its beauty, and small as the enclosure is, its function in summer is of sterling importance in the park system of New York. Thou-

sands who would hardly ever get to Central Park have here a chance to enjoy some summer-night comfort. The lofty arch of Brooklyn Bridge achieves a similar object, and this great triumph of the engineer's skill has a significance, in the eye of the sanitarian, which perhaps its projectors never fancied. The poorer classes of New York and Brooklyn find this airy perch, with its magnificent sweep of outlook, a priceless boon. Those who have never stood on the centre of Brooklyn Bridge on a radiant moonlight night have missed a sight worth travelling far to see. Two great cities lying almost at one's feet on either hand, with their countless lights, and the splendors of the bay, a shining lagoon of silver, with Staten Island in the distance, and the blazing torch of the Liberty Statue near at hand, make a supremely picturesque vision. Here lovers bill and coo with as much transport perhaps as they make love at Newport or Saratoga; and here wearied mothers bring their gasping babies to drink in the ozone and freshness of the ocean zephyrs. For Zephyrus, indeed, never brings home such balm and healing from his winged journeys as when he has flown over thousands of miles of the deep sea brine.

Central Park is perhaps the leading resort for all who search for coolness as a comfort or necessity without the wherewithal to purchase those conditions which make it a luxury. Its charming variety of hill, dale, and meadow, its green leas and shrub-embowered nooks, offer a *rus in urbe* where some touch of the night wind always makes itself felt. Even tramps are not excluded from the bowery pleasances, and many a dirty wretch eludes the police and forgets his woes here in the comfort of a grassy couch.

Not to be forgotten are the numerous German beer-gardens scattered through the city. These are poor men's clubs, and are enjoyable even by people of a better grade. Sturdy Teutons with their families here quaff many a *stein* of foaming lager in an attempt to quench an inexhaustible thirst, and Americans form no small contingent of those who drink and chat and listen to the music. Such a resort is Terrace Garden, on the east side, with breezes sweeping in through open windows, countless lights, and innocent recreations, it contributes largely to the pleasures of a New York summer night. Why, one may remark in passing, are there not more places of amusement in New York like the Casino, with its roof garden? The success of the experiment is well worth imitating. *Al fresco* conviviality has a charm peculiarly its own, and possesses a slight flavor of the picnic. Those who care to find them can, after all, find much pleasure even in a sweltering summer night in New York. Among those enjoyments costing but a trifle, and rich in refreshment too, are the ferry-boats. Many a sick child, perhaps, has owed its life to the relief coming from such brief excursions.



THE ARRANGEMENT OF THE THREE SCREWS ON THE 7300-TON CRUISER.

A FLYER OF THE SEAS.

THE accompanying sketch shows the general external features of the new 7300-ton protected cruiser, the detailed plans of which are rapidly approaching completion in the Navy Department. The naval appropriation act authorizing this vessel, approved June 30, 1890, required her to be a "protected cruiser of about 7300 tons displacement, at a cost, exclusive of armament, not to exceed $2,750,000, and to have a maximum speed of not less than 21 knots." The Secretary of the Navy determined to make this vessel a commerce destroyer *par excellence*, and this decided, it naturally followed that the greatest possible speed and coal endurance must be obtained. Extreme gun-power is unnecessary for a vessel of this type, and she requires only sufficient protection to make it certain that she can stand any punishment liable to be inflicted upon her by any ship which it would be her duty to encounter in time of war. In view of the fact that the most recent of the ocean "greyhounds" can maintain at sea a speed of 20 knots, it was decided that this vessel must have a sustained sea speed of at least 21 knots, and a maximum speed, to be maintained for a few hours only, of 22 knots.

The following are the general features embodied in the design: Length of load water-line, 400 feet; beam (extreme), 58 feet; normal mean draught, 23 feet; corresponding displacement, 7400 tons; sustained indicated horse-power, 20,000; maximum indicated horse-power, 23,000; coal capacity, 2000 tons. The main battery to be carried by this vessel is composed of four 6-inch and eight 4-inch guns, with about twenty small rapid-fire machine-guns. The buoyancy and stability of the vessel at the water-line is assured by the protective deck, having a maximum thickness on the slopes of four inches, the same as that of the *Baltimore*, and by a belt of water-excluding material. The internal arrangements and fittings of this vessel do not differ greatly from those of the smaller protected cruisers already built or building for our navy, such as the *Baltimore*, *Philadelphia*, etc. The most novel feature of this vessel consists in the employment of three screw propellers, each driven by an independent triple-expansion engine, instead of the two propellers which have been used on war vessels for many years. The adoption of the three screws was primarily necessitated not by the high speed of the vessel, but by the enormous endurance required of her.

The ordinary cruising speed of such a ship would be about 10 knots, and at this speed but one of the three screws would be used to propel the ship, the other two being uncoupled, and allowed to revolve freely. Under these conditions the single screw will be much more "efficient" than would be twin screws, thus effecting a reduction in the horse-power required to propel the ship, and a corresponding reduction in the coal which must be burned to obtain the power. Hence it follows that on her full coal supply of 2000 tons this vessel is expected to steam for 109 days at the rate of 10 knots per hour, giving her a total endurance of 26,160 miles. In other words, the new cruiser would be able to steam a distance about equal to the circumference of the earth without recoaling.

In general appearance she is not unlike many of the newest transatlantic liners, and at a distance, with her three smoke stacks and high pilot-house, might easily be mistaken for a merchant steamer. The three-screw feature has not yet been practically tested on any large vessel, but will be on a French cruiser, the *Dupuy de Lôme*, recently launched. On small torpedo-boats it has been tried successfully, and Chief-Engineer Melville is very sanguine of its complete success on this vessel. About 400 men and officers will be required to fill out the complement of this ship, the larger number in the engineer's department, and she will be fitted as a flag-ship, having the quarter-galleries common to the old ships of the line and frigates, and now being revived in our navy as in that of England. All the recent improvements in the way of electric lighting, electric search-lights, steam steering apparatus, torpedoes, etc., etc., will be placed on this cruiser, which is represented in our picture going through the water at a high rate of speed. Two more vessels—a torpedo-boat and a torpedo cruiser—were authorized by this Congress, and their plans will be prepared as soon as Chief - Constructor Wilson gets these large ships under contract. With the acceptance of proposals for the Ammen ram, all the new vessels authorized to be built will be fairly under way, and the department will be ready to contract for more should Congress so desire it at its next session.

AT BLUFF POINT, LAKE CHAMPLAIN.

THERE are a few eccentric Americans who cherish the good old orthodox idea that to leave their comfortable homes in the city during the summer heats merits and should receive some measure of compensation. What they want to get for this surrender of the luxury of a well-appointed house in town is pure air, either fresh from the sea, or laden with the invigorating ozone that it gathers from surrounding mountain-peaks. Coolness and a healthy climate are the first two essentials. Then they like scenery that is attractive to the eye used to the hot, crowded stretches of the dusty town. The easiest known method of exhilarating recreation is to settle down in a restful way and let an entrancing prospect soothe the vision and gently stimulate the soul.

If these conditions of a reasonable *villeggiatura* are assured, the next important point is a good house in which to abide, where the beds are clean and soft, the linen smooth and white, the rooms airy and cheerful, and the table well supplied with the good things of the season properly prepared.

The accommodations provided for the visitor at Bluff Point meet these demands in a way that leaves nothing to be desired. There is a hotel just started there, three miles south of Plattsburg, on the western shore of Lake Champlain. How solidly it is built was proven by the way in which it weathered the tremendous wind storm which assailed it within a month after it was opened. Boats were lifted from the water and dropped on the dry land, and stout trees were wrenched from their sturdy hold on the ground; but the new hotel came forth from the fury of the cyclone comparatively unscathed. The site has been admirably chosen. Across the broad sweep of smiling water the long undulating range of the Green Mountains fades away into the mist of the distance. From the broad veranda in the rear of the hotel the play of light and shadow on the rippling lake, and the tender bluish-green of the mountains with the mist clinging to their highest peaks, offer an impressive sight.

On the opposite side of the hotel, off beyond dark green stretches of meadow-land, rise the Adirondacks. The trip to them from the hotel is a short one. Thus on either hand the rugged grace of mountain-peaks greets the eye. Off to the north lies gently diversified meadow-land, the houses of Plattsburg cropping picturesquely out from the rich green. Historic spots abound in the neighborhood. Here Burgoyne held his powwows with the Indians, and on the placid waters of the lake fierce naval encounters once raged. Arnold and Carlton have left the memory of their contests indelibly as part of Lake Champlain's earlier history. A little above the hotel Commodore Macdonough gained his splendid victory over General Macomb and the British flotilla.

THE METHODIST UNIVERSITY IN UTAH.

A METHODIST university in the heart of Mormondom implies an important addition to the forces working for the overthrow of polygamy. Events which are of fatal import to the corrupt social system which has so long defied the decent sentiment of this country follow one another with startling rapidity, and the end cannot, it would seem, be far off.

First among the forces which doom the polygamous feature of Mormonism is the commercial. When the line of the Union Pacific Railroad crossed Utah through its capital the commercial influence was introduced, the Gentiles began to pour into the Territory, and Salt Lake City was open to the world. The results are to be seen in the wresting of Ogden from Mormon rule two years ago, and in the defeat of the Mormon tickets in the city and county of Salt Lake in the elections of the present year. With the two principal cities of the Territory in Gentile hands, with the confiscation of the property of the Mormon Church by the act of Congress, which the Supreme Court has recently declared constitutional, and with the operation of the educational and evangelizing agencies which religious denominations are so plentifully supplying, the leaders of the polygamous sect must feel that the sceptre is rapidly passing from them. The younger generation of Mormons are coming to understand that the system in which they were born and trained is out of harmony with the age, and they are doing just what the younger element in the Oneida Community in this State did some years ago—preparing for a revolution.

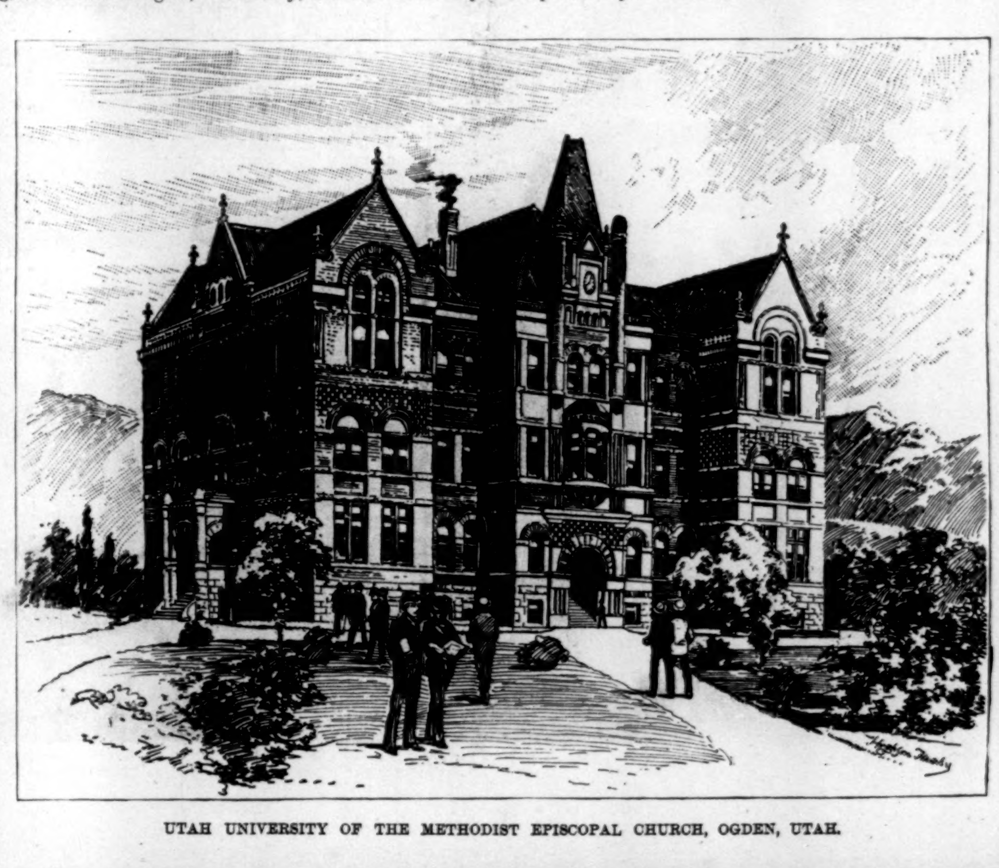
The laying of the corner-stone of a Methodist university in Ogden last week marks the progress of the evangelizing and educational element in the conflict with Mormonism. Several denominations have been at work on these lines in Utah—the Congregational (through the New West Education Commission) the Presbyterian, the Protestant Episcopal, the Baptist, and the Methodist Episcopal. Excellent primary and grammar schools have been established by these denominations, and they have by no means neglected to make provision for higher education.

The new institution at Ogden is the first Gentile university projected in Utah. The Mormons have a university in Salt Lake City, with a splendid building and a large corps of instructors; but it is feebly conducted, and has not become a great influence. The plans for the Ogden enterprise are large—the buildings alone are to cost half a million dollars —and ample assurances, it is said, have been given of adequate support.

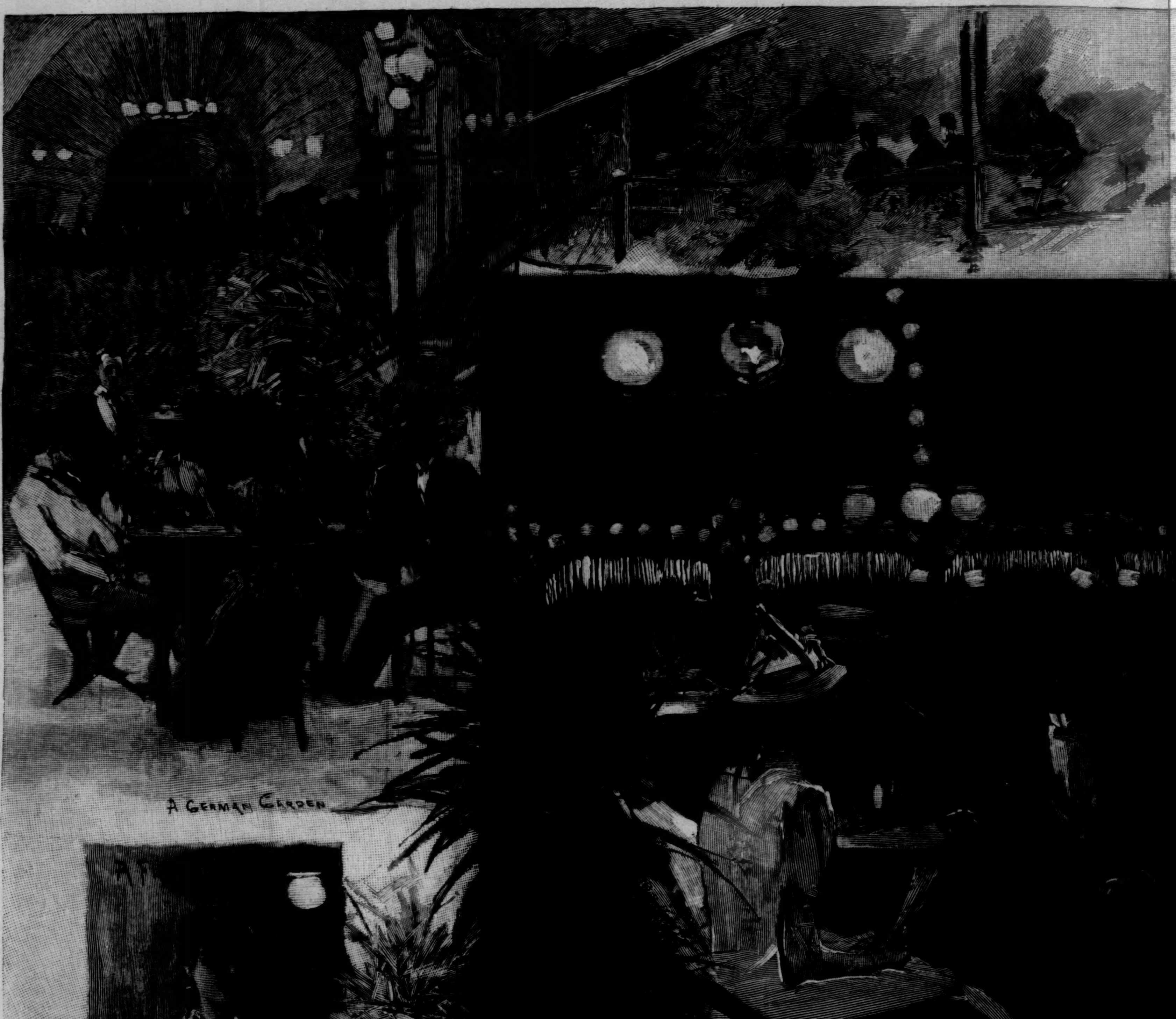
The location chosen is one of the best in the city, and the main hall, for which the corner-stone was laid last week, will soon be completed. Besides the main hall, the plans call for a boys' hall, a girls' hall, with a laboratory, gymnasium, observatory, and residences for the faculty.

The ceremonies at the corner-stone laying were conducted by Bishop John St. Vincent, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, who delivered an address which greatly stirred the enthusiasm of those interested in the undertaking. Governor Thomas welcomed the university as an important religious and educational force. Then came the address of the President, Samuel W. Small, A.M., D.D., the "Sam" Small of evangelist fame, who is said to have dropped the familiar abbreviation by which he was known when he was "Sam" Jones's co-laborer, and is hereafter to be addressed as *Samuel*. It may not be generally known that Mr. Small was a regularly ordained minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, from which he was recently received into the Utah Conference of the Northern Church. It is said that his election as President was due to the strong impression created by a sermon he preached. In his address as President he gave as the motto of the new university, *Pro Christo et Patria*, and showed how the aims of the institution would be worked out.

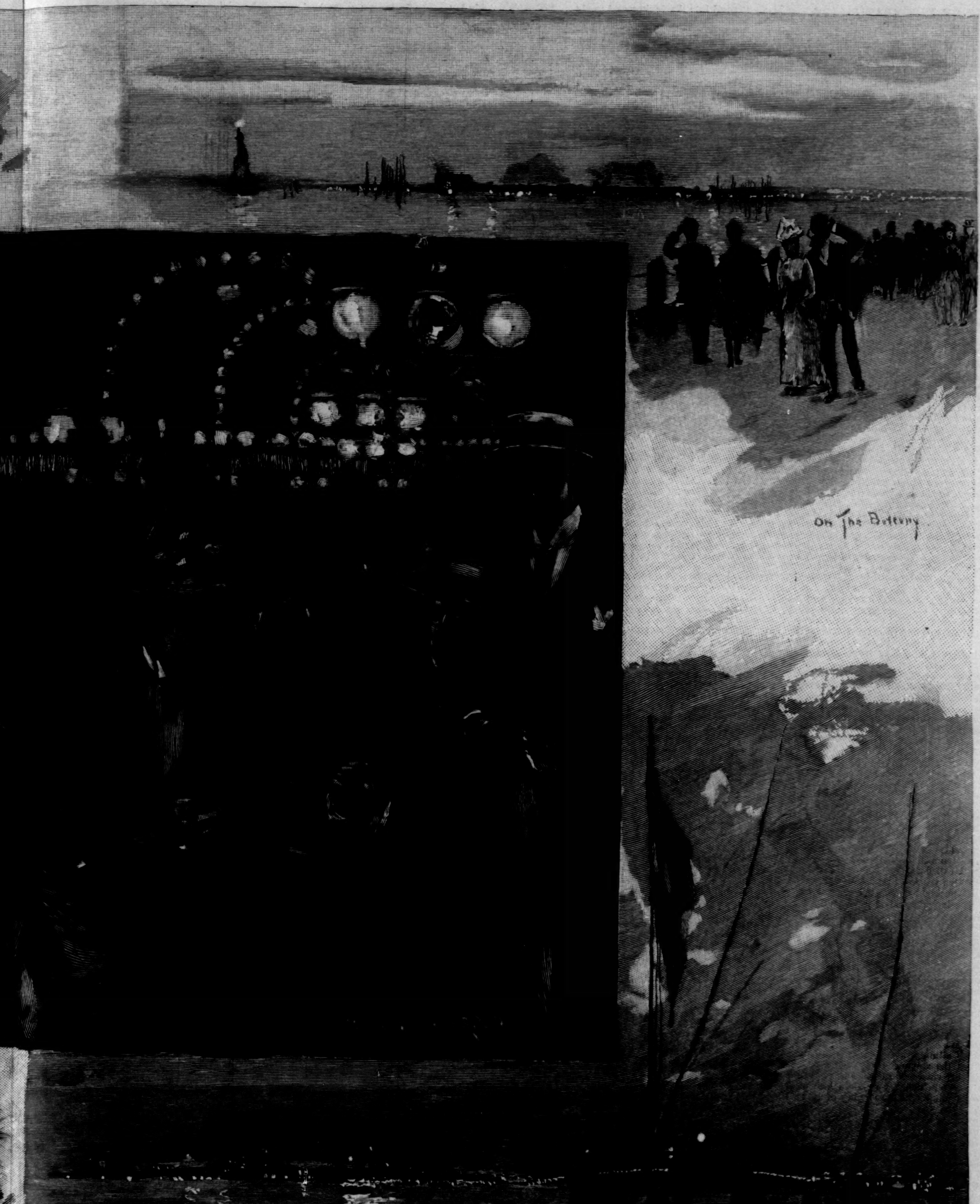
Mr. Gladstone sent the following cablegram: "I heartily desire success to your noble purpose of helping to rescue fellow-creatures and fellow-countrymen from a deplorable delusion."



UTAH UNIVERSITY OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, OGDEN, UTAH.



SUMMER NIGHT SCENES IN NEW YOR



ORK.—Drawn by W. T. Smedley.—[See Page 634.]

A CASE OF INCOMPATIBILITY.

BY SOPHIE SWETT.

The minister "gave it out" in the long prayer. That was what Mrs. Cyrus Tewksbury said, somewhat scandalizing the deacons' wives.

"If Parson Lovell had a notice to give, he always had to pray it out to the Lord," she said, "and common folks couldn't make head or tail to it."

"We thank Thee that Thy servant who went from our midst to carry the gospel to the uttermost parts of the earth is about to return to his friends and home," prayed good old Parson Lovell. "And we pray that his broken health may be restored, so that he may continue his labors in Thy vineyard. And we beseech Thee that his aged parent, a mother in Israel, lo! these many years, may be spared until his return."

They stood, in primitive fashion, during the long prayer in Dracut; and now there was a little flutter all over the church, and many eyes were turned toward the corner pew up near the pulpit. Mrs. Babbitt, the missionary's mother, rustled her best black silk consciously, and waved her large fan so vigorously that the scent from her pink posy was wafted far down the broad aisle. But Maria Spencer, sitting at the foot of the pew, felt as if the glances were all meant for her, and colored to the roots of her smooth black hair. She was a single woman of forty-five, plain but well preserved, and with a sensible and kindly expression. "M'ria was real clever," her neighbors were in the habit of saying; and this adjective, in rural New England, epitomizes all the homely virtues. What must people think of her, blushing like a girl? thought Maria, and blushed still more furiously. She felt as if every one must know—all the older people, at least—that there had been something between Caleb Babbitt and herself, although he had only hinted it himself with long looks and hand pressures and the dark saying that he could not ask a delicate girl to go with him to those far-off heathen islands, were hardships where inevitable, and dangers lurked on every hand. She had not been a delicate girl. Sometimes, since the emancipation of women had come to be talked of even among the Dracut corn fields, she had almost wished that she had told him so. She had been full of zeal and energy, and far quicker-witted than he for all the practical difficulties of living. She would have been a helpmeet to him. But Caleb had not seemed to understand. Pondering every word and look of his in the long silence that had fallen between them, she had come to the conclusion that Caleb had been a martyr to a morbid spirit of self-sacrifice. And she had been a martyr too. There had been a little comfort in feeling herself an important personage at the missionary meetings. She was almost like Mrs. Gregg, the widow of a missionary, who was escorted into a front pew at the missionary conventions. They knew—every one must know—that she was almost a missionary's wife. She had begun to solace herself with this greatness as soon as Caleb's letters dropped off. He had written home very seldom; only two or three letters of the briefest description to her, and in those he had called her his sister. Of course he meant in the Lord; religion was always uppermost in Caleb's mind; but Maria felt that there were circumstances in which it is not pleasant to be called a sister even in the Lord.

In the first ten years of his absence it seemed likely that he might come home, at least for a visit, at any time; Maria had informed herself that most missionaries did. She was privately very thrifty about her best dresses, and bought them with a view to suitability for travelling; and perhaps it was rather the pressure of heavy cares than the passage of time that had led her at last to overlook these possibilities.

They had come to the last hymn, and Maria had taken no note of the proceedings after Parson Lovell's allusion to "Thy servant" who had carried the gospel to heathen lands. The hymn was "From Greenland's icy mountains," and Maria's strong, somewhat nasal treble, which, although the younger element had usurped the singing seats, still soared above all other voices, was now silent. She felt that a certain delicacy required her to refrain from joining in the singing of that hymn now.

Her sister Caddy looked at her inquiringly. Caddy was forty and very much faded; she had had pink cheeks once, and very blue eyes, and yellow hair, but these vivid colors looked now as if they had not washed well. She had nevertheless preserved a curiously delicate and girlish look, which was in strong contrast with Maria's mature solidity. She was youthfully dressed, with pink flowers on her bonnet and white lace on her parasol. Maria regarded Caddy's light-mindedness with a kind of patient scorn. But she felt a vague irritation now to see that there were red rims around Caddy's faded blue eyes. Why should Caddy cry because Caleb was coming home? Those pale blue eyes of hers were perpetual fountains, but sometimes there seemed to be absolutely no sense in it. This Maria said to herself, giving Caddy a little nudge with her elbow as a hint to restrain her feelings. But instead of having the desired effect, this caused Caddy's tears to flow freely.

When Maria sang, in her shrill treble,

"Have you trials or temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?"

she always meant Caddy.

Maria stepped into the background to allow Aunt Babbitt to come out of the pew, beaming with complacent expectancy, to meet the congratulations of her friends. They had always called her aunt, although she was only a distant relative; they lived on adjoining farms, and their mother and Caleb's had been friends from their youth.

Caddy almost fell upon Aunt Babbitt's neck, weeping, and standing directly in Deacon Babcock's way.

"Land sakes! don't take on so, Caddy. It's nothin' to cry about," said Aunt Babbitt, brusquely.

She was a ponderous woman, with several superfluous chins, and was afflicted with a nervous twitching of the corners of the mouth, which made her an object of fascination to the children.

"I expect I be favored of the Lord, Deacon Babcock," continued Aunt Babbitt; "though there's some that 'ain't had their only son kep' away from 'em for twenty years. The Lord's ways ain't our'n? I found that out a consid'able spell ago, Brother Babcock. But I will say that Caleb might 'a' been a swearin' cre'tur', like Sykes's boys, if it hadn't 'a' been for his bringin' up."

Leaning upon Maria's arm, with Caddy affording a gentle support upon the other side, Aunt Babbitt freed her mind, as the congregation drifted apart, and they turned into their own secluded road.

"The news come by way of the 'Merican Board. They give me a letter that had got belated somehow. Seems as if Parson Lovell might 'a' got a chance to tell the Lord that I was aged a little more private. There wa'n't any need of hollerin' it right out in meetin'. And I didn't care about his hintin' to the Lord that He needn't trouble to let me live no longer'n till Calup got home. There was folks right there in meetin' that's older'n what I be. Land sakes! to think of Calup's comin' home. And him a man goin' on fifty. How he's got along with nobody to do for him is more'n I can tell, so subject to quinsy as he was, and so dretful partickeler about his stockin's. He's got sustainin' grace. I don't need Sister Babcock to keep a-tellin' me that; but that 'll kind of give out with the best of men when his shirts don't fit, and there's holes in his stockin's. I should 'a' felt better about Calup if he'd 'a' had a wife, but then as like as not she wouldn't 'a' been what she'd ought to be. How red your face is, M'ria! Looked to me in meet'n' 'most as if you was goin' to have a stroke. You mustn't get so het up. Folks had ought to be careful when they're a-gettin' along in years. You girls must come over 'n' see Calup. Like enough he'll remember you. Mebbe you'll find time to come over 'n' help me slick up a little to-morrer, M'ria. Folks 'll be a-comin' to see Calup."

Aunt Babbitt went on her way heavily, and the sisters turned aside into a narrow green lane, and Maria drew from her pocket a large key, which she inserted in the burdock-crowded back door of a weather-painted, gambrel-roofed house, which, with its trim front yard and its tall poplar-tree at the gate, looked like "Home, sweet home" on a motto.

Maria went about silently, setting forth their Sunday dinner of cold baked beans and custard pie, while Caddy fed the canary-birds that hung in the window, and talked to them in a way she had, which was "just as if they were human bein's," Maria complained. And then she picked some sweet-pease and feathery asparagus sprays and set them in a pitcher between the dish of baked beans and the custard pie. Caddy liked to have flowers all over the house, but she forgot to throw them out when they were withered. Maria had said to Aunt Babbitt that "sometimes it seemed as if 'twas half her work to throw out the mess of rubbish that Caddy brought in."

"Well, Caddy ain't like other folks, but that's a triflin' thing to do for her," Aunt Babbitt had said. Maria had never found Aunt Babbitt sympathetic.

"It seems as if it couldn't be true that Caleb is coming home, don't it, M'ria?" said Caddy, when she had eaten her piece of custard pie. She never ate beans, but Maria thought them the only proper Sunday dinner.

"I don't think I know exactly what you mean. Of course he would come home some time," said Maria.

"If—if you don't feel as if you could, I'll go over and help Aunt Babbitt to-morrow," said Caddy, after a pause.

"You?" repeated Maria, with an accent of great surprise. "I don' know as you'd be so very useful where there was cleanin' paint and washin' windows to be done."

"Of course I ain't strong," said Caddy, flushing all over her sensitive face; "but I could help, and I think Aunt Babbitt likes me. And you said that now Tompkins had cheated us out of the money for the wood, and work was likely to be slack in the straw shop this fall—you said you didn't feel as if you could spare a day, even to go to the picnic."

"When it's the Lord's work it's difrunt," said Maria, shortly.

"You used to think it was the Lord's work to keep the Baptist children from eating up all the nice things away from our children. There's nobody that sees to it but you," said Caddy, plaintively. She always maintained her side of an argument in her gentle way, which was a very aggravating way to Maria, until every possible support was exhausted.

"There's nobody but me to do for Aunt Babbitt," said Maria; "and there's likely to be ministers and their folks comin' to see Caleb."

"It's a pity there isn't somebody who knows how to fix up things a little kind of tasty," said Caddy.

"There's got to be somebody that's got some faculty. I expect cleanness and good victuals are what ministers, as well as other folks, set most by."

Caddy was always irritated by a suggestion that she had no faculty. She adduced instances in which she had proved herself very capable, while Maria rattled the dishes which she was washing and pretended not to hear. Maria generally allowed Caddy to have the last word, and gave herself liberal credit for righteousness on this score.

All Dracut knew that Caddy had no faculty; but there was a disagreement in opinion as to whether this justified her in allowing Maria to carry her burdens. The elderly women were generally of the opinion that "she might work as well as M'ria if she was a mind to"; but Caddy had sympathizers, who thought she "wasn't real rugged, like M'ria, and couldn't help it if she wa'n't just like other folks." Moreover, they thought "there wa'n't no great chance for anybody else to be smart when there was such a driver as M'ria."

Maria herself felt bitterly that she was a martyr to Caddy. She was full of energy and ambition, and ate her heart out in the narrowness and dulness of her life. She might go and carry the gospel to the heathen, as Caleb had done, if it were not for Caddy; she might at least go to seek her fortune in the city; she felt in herself great capacity for a business woman, and longed for the world of which only faint echoes found their way between the Dracut hills. She was capable of greater things than to toil and struggle for what was at best a narrow and poverty-pinched existence. Caddy could not live away from the country; she said herself that she "knew she should die where she couldn't smell pennyr'yal"; and the doctor, whom Maria had once privately consulted, had said that Caddy was one of the sensitive plants that could never bear transplanting.

Maria thought that altogether too much was made of Caddy's sensitiveness; that had been the trouble in the beginning, when their father and mother were alive. She had always been made to wait upon Caddy. She said to herself that she would do her duty by her sister, and be forbearing to her in love, like a Christian woman; and she realized better than other people how "lackin'" Caddy was. "She hadn't a mite of sense about money; she didn't seem to know that they were poor; and she couldn't reckon to save her life; and she didn't seem to care much whether she cheated people or let them cheat her. She didn't expect Caddy to do for herself like other people, but she did think that she ought to be willing to go and live with 'Lias's folks."

'Lias was their half-brother, a prosperous man, who would have been willing to give Caddy a home, and he lived at Norton's Falls, only ten miles away. But Caddy thought it was lonesome at 'Lias's, because they were Second Adventists, and always expecting to "ascend"; and, besides, they always had the chairs set stiffly against the walls, and expected every one to get up to breakfast. With trivialities like these, Caddy held Maria to what she felt was an ignoble martyrdom.

In fact she seemed scarcely to understand what was meant when 'Lias, privately incited by Maria, extended the invitation, and Maria strongly hinted the desirability of its acceptance. She seemed to feel it immoral of Maria to be discontented in Dracut, and positively ungodly for any one to wish to live in the city. The strongly reproachful tone which she assumed on this subject was almost more than Maria could bear.

But now that Caleb was coming home that grievance had vanished. It was as well that he should find her in the old home, waiting. Perhaps he would see now that she was not too delicate for hardships and dangers. Caddy would be in the way as always. But she would have to live with 'Lias's folks then. She was ashamed of Caddy too, she was so light-minded and childish for a woman of forty. She was an old-fashioned old maid, with her canary-birds and her parrot, her mint and herb garden, and the gay clothes with which she tried to make herself look young. She had never tried to improve her mind by solid reading as Maria had done. What would Caleb think of her?

Brooding over these difficulties, Maria scarcely heard the arguments in support of her capability which Caddy rehearsed in a plaintive monotone; but she suddenly became aware that Caddy's manner had become more conciliatory, and that she was standing, with an eager and anxious look, before the ancient eagle-topped mirror, which had told to many by-gone generations its sad tale of the approach of gray hair and crow's-feet.

"My head shows kind of pinky right through it; don't it, M'ria? It's getting dreadful thin," she said, in a tone of dismay.

"It is kind of bald on top," said Maria, indifferently.

"I was thinkin' about the interest on that hundred dollars that Uncle J'siah left me. It must be as much as thirty dollars by this time," continued Caddy, with apparent irrelevance.

"Seems as if I wouldn't do my calc'latin' on the Sabbath," said Maria. "But I expect it kep' you awake nights doin' that sum; didn't it, Caddy?" Maria smiled. It was as if the baldness of Caddy's head had made her suddenly good-natured.

Caddy did not resent this pleasantry, as she might have done at another time. "I was in to see Lyddy Felch the last time I was down to the Lower Village. You remember Lyddy Felch that we used to go to school with? She's got a toilet parlor down there on the main street."

"A what?" repeated Maria, putting her finger for a book-mark into her book. She had settled down in the sitting-room now to wait for the bell for afternoon service.

"She calls it the Cream of Lilies Toilet Parlor. She keeps perfumery, and things to improve the complexion, and hair dye, and—and waves and curls for people to wear when their own hair is gettin' thin."

"False fixin's, you mean," said Maria, uncompromisingly. "Seems as if Lyddy Felch ought to be more respectable."

"I was thinkin' that I should take that interest money, seein' it's my own," pursued Caddy, heedless of rebuff, "and buy something that I saw down to Lyddy's. M'ria, you'd 'a' thought 'twas my hair just as it used to be!" Caddy's voice trembled. "All light fluffy yellow waves and curls."

"I shouldn't think 'twould be hardly suitable for a woman of your age," said Maria. She controlled her voice, but she was quivering with indignation. She had lain awake nights often, wondering how she was to keep the wolf from the door since Tompkins had cheated them, and Caddy, who never even noticed how hard she worked, thought she had a right to squander money like that.

"It makes me look just as I used to," said Caddy, almost with tears. "I know Caleb would like to see me lookin' just as I used to."

"I should lay it before the Lord before I bought a wig if I was you," said Maria, in a hard voice.

She put her book down and went out into the garden, being in such an angry tumult that she could not trust herself to stay. She would not have any words with Caddy, especially on the Sabbath, she said to herself. And words with Caddy were never of any use. Caddy would become hysterical, but she would always persist in her own way. It was very hard, Maria felt, that she should be so disturbed on this day. She had felt vaguely surprised and troubled that every one had congratulated Aunt Babbitt without bestowing so much as a significant glance upon her. It was as if she had no part or lot in Caleb's home-coming. Had they all forgotten? It was, perhaps, to be expected that Aunt Babbitt, who was old, should forget, and it was even possible that she might pretend to if she had not, for Aunt Babbitt had not, to say the least, an ingratiating manner; but she had never suspected before that every one did not understand that Caleb had sacrificed himself in going away without her. It seemed to be always when one was feeling an annoyance like this that Caddy was especially exasperating.

They walked along to church together, Caddy tear-stained and injured, Maria grimly silent. She was saying to herself that it was her sense of justice rather than any personal feeling that made her revolt against slaving for Caddy's necessities while she squandered her money.

"Land sakes, how flustered you look, M'ria!" said Aunt Babbitt, as they overtook her. "You'll spile your meetin' gettin' so het up."

Caddy went down to the Lower Village in the stage the next day, and came home astonishingly rejuvenated. Not only was her head covered with yellow curls as soft as a baby's, but her cheeks wore a delicate bloom.

Amazement mingled with Maria's indignation as she gazed at her. Unless one looked very closely Caddy really did not look absurd. But she was immediately on her guard to prevent Caddy from discovering this favorable opinion.

"Spencers always have kept their heads above disgrace until now," was what she said. "I couldn't bring myself to go anywhere with you where folks could see you, even if I was to lose my gospel privileges."

But when before the end of the week Caleb arrived, and Aunt Babbitt bade "the girls" to a little neighborly tea-drinking, "before the ministers got afoul of Calup, and he was too drove to see his old friends," what could Maria do but to go, in spite of Caddy's curls and artificial bloom?

Caleb had not come over at once, as Maria had expected, but it was probable that his mother was responsible for this neglect. Aunt Babbitt had her little ways. She had secured a "hired girl" for the period of Caleb's visit, so Maria's services had not been needed in preparing for the tea party. Maria felt as if fate and Aunt Babbitt had conspired against her; fate *might* be accident, but she knew Aunt Babbitt.

There were three ministers and their wives at the tea party, and Aunt Babbitt had thrown economy to the winds. Mary Olive Babcock giggled at Caddy's curls, and Mrs. Deacon Mitchell gazed at them with open severity. Caleb, too, gave them a long intent look, and Maria's cheeks burned. Caddy was complacently unconscious.

Caleb seemed absent-minded and much taken up with the ministers, but he had pressed her hand and murmured a word or two about old times, and Maria would have

been almost happy if it had not been for Caddy. There was always Caddy for a kill-joy. To be laughed at was worse than anything she had ever borne. Sisters were always reckoned together; the ministers, even Caleb, perhaps, were thinking that they were a pair of ridiculous old maids.

It happened that Maria looked into the straw-bed that night to see that the egg-money was safe, and found that two dollars were missing. She was saving to mend the leaky roof that let the rain fall upon her bed. Caddy boldly admitted having taken it; she didn't know but it was hers as much as Maria's, and her interest money had been two dollars less than enough to pay for the curls. Maria lay awake all night; she read a chapter and prayed, and still felt it to be her duty to prevent Caddy from ruining and disgracing them both.

She arose at daylight, and took the early stage for the Lower Village, with the false hair in her bag. Some women in so desperate a mood would have thrown it into the fire, but Maria's was a thrifty soul.

Lyddy Felch explained that it would have been impossible for her to change it, even for old acquaintance' sake, if one of the summer boarders had not seen it in the window, and mourned for it after it was gone. She went herself in search of the summer boarder, leaving Maria, sitting in rigid scorn, in charge of the Cream of Lilies Toilet Parlor.

After much delay, for the summer boarder was found to be less eager when the prize was within her reach, negotiations were concluded, and Maria returned with thirty dollars instead of the false hair. No compunctions visited her on her homeward way, and she resolved to hold out valiantly against Caddy's hysterics. It was her duty to be firm.

Caddy was not visible when she entered the house. Perhaps she had retired to her room, and was pretending that it was impossible for her to see any one without the wig; that would be like Caddy. It would be a relief if she would have her hysterics in private.

Maria set about getting herself a cup of tea, but there came a knock at the door—the burdock-and-mullein-haunted back door, and there stood Caleb. She had expected him to come to the front door; she had polished the old brass knocker, and kept the green paper curtains rolled up in the parlor. She ushered him into the best room, in spite of his protests against her "making a stranger of him." He was not Caleb, altogether, she said to herself, conscious of a constraint in her manner which she could not overcome. She made an effort to merge them into one, the Caleb of her long maiden dreams and this one, as he talked, and gradually it became possible, although she felt vaguely that she had sacrificed something in doing it.

He talked of old times, but he had a reserved, ministerial tone which repelled her while it thrilled her with pride. He asked for Caddy, and Maria made a murmured excuse for her absence. She said to herself that it was of no use to call her, she would not appear before Caleb without her curls. Maria felt an impulse to tell Caleb all about her great trouble—Caddy—and to ask his opinion whether she had done right, but the ministerial manner restrained her. Her mind wandered to this matter so, that it was suddenly that she became aware that he was talking about Caddy.

"One of the Lord's dear Marys," he was saying. "You must feel her to be a precious treasure, Maria. You know what she was to me when we were young. It was a comfort to me to know that you understood, while I could not disturb her peace by a word. It was for her to break the box of precious ointment in loving pious deeds at home rather than to face dangers and hardships with me. These things pass, Maria. It was hard then, but it had grown to seem to me like a dream until I saw her again, still so youthfully lovely."

Maria heard herself laugh harshly. That was the wig, she said to herself; she almost said it aloud. She had an odd feeling that it was some one else who was listening to this story of Caleb's early romance.

He went on talking about his work now, and Maria talked too. She assumed a great interest in cannibalism, and asked him many questions. For years afterward she spent much time in wondering what she had said; she thought that he had looked at her as if he were surprised.

As soon as he had gone, she hastened up stairs to Caddy's room. She found not Caddy, but a hasty crumpled scrawl of Caddy's handwriting. "Your cruel tyranny has drove me to Elias's at last. I don't expect I shall live long, anyway. If I were you, I would make envy and jealousy a special subject of prayer."

Maria ran distractedly across the fields to Aunt Babbitt's. She remembered to be glad that Caleb had gone on to the village to make other calls.

"Me 'n' Calup are goin' a-visitin'," said Aunt Babbitt, who was mending Caleb's stockings beatifically on the porch. "He's goin' to Saratogy to the convention, and I'm goin' as far as Sister Relief's. He's goin' right back next month. He says there's a dear kind lady that has consented to marry him—Brother Jessup's widow, and a consecrated worker. She needn't be so dretful kind. Anybody would be glad to get Calup. Caddy gone to 'Lias's?"

Maria had recovered her breath, and fairly forced Aunt Babbitt, who always told her own news before she heard any one else's, to listen.

Maria poured forth the whole story of the false hair and the egg money.

"I've ill-used her," said Maria. "I've wound a gauze round myself, and seen everything that she done clear. I've been full of vain imaginin's. I'm a sinful woman, and the Lord has departed from me."

"Cat's foot! No, he ain't," said Aunt Babbitt. "Caddy's dretful shirkin' and selfish, just like her grandmarm Sibley. But, land! you've got to put up with your own folks. And there's a sight of human nater in all of us. If it ain't one way, it is another. You're kind of overbearin', M'ria, and you think a sight of what you do for other folks."

"Lyddy Felch said she couldn't get one like it short of forty dollars; but I'm goin' to take all the egg money, and I can get work from the shop to do nights," pursued Maria. "She wasn't strong, Caddy wasn't, and she had trials that she never said a word about. And I've always been thinkin' of myself, and fancyin' that things was as they wa'n't."

"You hadn't ought to blame yourself too much, M'ria. You're kind of incompaterble, you and Caddy, and there's a sight of such cases. It's worse where it's married folks. 'Tain't as if you'd took Caddy for better or worse."

"The Lord give her to me, and I ought to have bore with her. She's borne a sight with me," said Maria.

"Well, now, I'll get Joel Gleason's boy to harness up, and we'll drive up to 'Lias's, and if you don't get a chance to bear with Caddy yet, I'll miss my guess."

"Seems as if the day of judgment had come down here without her goin' up to 'Lias's," said Maria, as Aunt Babbitt slapped the reins over her ancient asthmatic steed.

"You're more upset than seems to be any need of, M'ria," said Aunt Babbitt. "But I expect the day of judgment is spread round more'n folks think for most of the time."

WILD CLEMATIS.

Over the hazel foliage it trails,
  Spilling its odor by the dusty way;
Happy the vagrant bee about it sails,
  And vanishes amid the pungent spray!

O'er vine and brier in the purple haze
  That round the wood its pensive banner throws;
It gayly creeps and in the shadow plays,
  Embroidering the summer's sweet repose.

Meekly it wanders through the languid air
  Almost afloat upon its quiet breast,
Drifting along in creamy perfume rare,
  Dropping its petals in the vacant nest.

When the wan moonbeam on its bosom lies,
  And frosts it in its silvery caress;
In the bright starry night it rippling sighs
  In the white beauty of its loveliness.

R. K. Munkittrick.

"Well, Uncle Israel, how did you get on with your farming this year?"
UNCLE ISRAEL. "I didn't make nothin', marster. You see, me an' de hoss wus workin' orn sheers. I 'greed to do de farmin' for harf de crap, an' I didn't make but harf a crap dis year, an' so, in course, I didn't git nothin'."

LAVENDER AS AN ANIMAL-TAMER.

Do dogs hate butchers? This question was debated in an extended manner a number of years ago in *Nature*, and the general consensus of opinion was, to put it mildly, that there was want of confidence exhibited on the part of dogs in their intimacy with butchers in general. The sight of beef displayed on the tenter-hooks could, however, not have been distasteful to the dog. It must have been the man in charge of the ribs and briskets who was anti-sympathetic to the dog. Reasoning it out, as would Professor Romanes, it could not have been primarily the particular smell of the butcher which was distasteful to the animal, as association of the man with kicks and cudgellings freely bestowed in checking certain kleptomaniac impulses natural to the dog. A chicken's breast and milk and sponge-cake fed lapdog would have turned up its nose at honest beef and the shambles, but a normal dog would not have been indifferent to the blandishments of the flesher.

There are some very original and pathetic stories due to Pierquin. He insisted that the dog held in holy horror certain individuals whose terrible calling it was to traffic in dog-skins. I have sometimes thought that the lugubrious ballad of the dog-skin dealer has yet to be written. Say he is coming into some mediæval town with his pack of dog-skins on his back. Then the first lounging street dog eyes the stranger over, and sniffing assures himself of the horrid load the peddler carries. Then scampering off he imparts his conviction to a dog friend. Then the two track the man, verify the facts, more dogs come up, they act in consort, bay and yelp and hound the panic-stricken man out of the town.

It is so easy to construct your modern facts in accordance with ancient legends. It really does not make so much matter as to the verification of the data of to-day, and so there is that story of Actæon torn to pieces by his own hounds, which fable might be so dovetailed as to make the hunter the first dealer in dog-skins, and that would upset the legend that it was the vengeful Artemis who so made away with her presumptuous lover. Sweet Una, how prettily a nail-paring incident might have been assorted to her story! A rat, a beaver, a squirrel, as rodents, become exceedingly uncomfortable when they have nothing to gnaw on. If they cannot use their gouge-like teeth, these grow to abnormal lengths. Your canary-bird, with no chance to wear out his claws, would be very much obliged to you if you would occasionally pare off a mite of his horny toes. Una's particular lion, with elongated claws, ought to have been grateful if the young woman had clipped them. Feeling, as I do, kindly disposed toward Una, and wishing by no means to diminish the originality of the charming story, it might be well to remember that many of the larger animals are indebted to weaker creatures for bodily comforts.

The African buffalo would lead an unhappy life if it were not for a kind of crow, who frees the huge animal of ticks, and more than that, stands guard over his four-footed friend, and announces the coming of an enemy. It is not so long ago that a story of Father Herodotus was revived and credited, which tells of tiny birds perching on the head and jaws of Nilotic crocodiles, relieving the huge saurians of leeches and parasites.

Suppose Una had clipped the lion's claws, how would she have managed it? What is a lion but a colossal cat, and if catnip delights a cat, might not something else pacify or mollify a lion? I do not mean to say that the late Rev. J. G. Wood, the naturalist, solved the Una mystery. I do not believe he did, but he told his son, the Rev. Theodore Wood, how he managed so as to get on a social footing with lions and tigers, or to be at least *le bien venu* in menageries, where carnivores are at home. The naturalist was in the habit of making a ball of paper, sprinkling it with lavender-water, and throwing it to the animals. They "used to grow wild in their exuberant delight. They would grasp the ball with both fore paws, hold it close to their nostrils," and he concludes by saying that the animals always afterward remembered him, and seemed to expect more perfumed paper balls.

There is a very useful French book called *The Method of Verifying Dates*. One which alas! can never be written, ought to be entitled *The Act of Verifying Facts*. The verification, however, of the printed or spoken assertion is simplicity itself. Try it.

THE ORIGINAL PACKAGE.

"James, I was very sorry to see you come home last night in such a condition. I thought you told me you would not touch another glass."
"An' so I did not, mum."
"Why, James, James!"
"Sure, mum, it wasn't a glass at all; it were wan o' thim 'riginal packidges, mum."

FIG. 1.

The careful and thoroughly experienced superintendent of the menagerie at Central Park, New York, would certainly have not allowed any experimenting with his collection without special leave. Permission to try something with the animals was asked of Mr. W. A. Conklin, which was kindly granted. Mr. Conklin had never heard of the effects of lavender on animals, and as that superintendent knows more about the peculiarities of his charges than any one else, there was naturally entertained certain doubts as to the efficiency of lavender. Mr. F. S. Church, the artist, was also asked if he knew anything about the effects of oil of lavender on animals. Let no one suppose that Mr. Church is not thoroughly conversant with animal nature. It is only his familiarity with the *feræ naturæ* which permits him to photograph, as it were, with his pencil, those many lightning-like changes of attitude animals assume. Mr. Church was fairly sceptical about lavender-water as a perfume adapted to lions and tigers.

If the carnivores were to be treated to lavender, no cheap adulterated stuff was to be purchased. An ounce of the best oil, properly diluted with alcohol, making a fragrant blend, was obtained from a reliable druggist, and the solution put in a well-corked bottle. As to calling myself an experimentalist, that might convey the idea that, like a second Myron, I was going to boldly face a lion, or at least push myself, with the paper ball sprinkled with lavender, into his Majesty's cage. A proper regard for my hand and coat sleeve precluded my attempting anything of this kind. My intentions were undoubtedly kindly. I was actuated by the sole desire of giving certain lions and tigers a few moments of unadulterated delight in combination with an experiment of some slight scientific importance. But had I even been Daudet's heroic Tartarin, my motives might not have been fully understood by a Central Park lion.

FIG. 2.

I had rolled up beforehand several voluminous morning journals until they assumed a dumpling shape, and these I bound up with string.

FIG. 4.

It was early in the morning, before the crowd thronged the Park, that Mr. Conklin and Mr. Church were present in front of the lion's cage, a keeper acting as master of ceremonies. A few drops of lavender were sprinkled on the paper ball, and by means of a long pole the keeper shoved the wad within reach of the king of beasts. His Imperial Highness seemed exceedingly staid, and had a "long away into the far distance" kind of look. "Mars Lion" he only sniffed at the ball. Presently he deigned to notice it, and then indulged in an appalling leonine sneeze. It was as effective in volume as if forty pounds of the best rappee snuff had been taken. All the paper ball did was to excite the lion's salivary glands, for pendulous ropes of saliva dripped from his capacious jaws. He certainly neither liked nor disliked lavender. The ball was there on sufferance. He held it rather accidentally than otherwise between his massive paws, and he stared complacently at us, seeming to say: "What tomfoolery is this, Mister Man? It is simply absurd. Go away, little children, with your nonsense, and leave me undisturbed." With the lion lavender was a solemn failure.

FIG. 6.

Then the tigers were visited. You can have your choice of tigers at Central Park. There is a home-bred one, and two real original wild ones. It really makes no matter as to sweetness whether your tiger is Belgian or Indian, for all of them retain their ugly, treacherous natures. The ball the lion had disdained was poked into the tiger's cage. If Leo had shown a noble, a stolid indifference, the effect of the wad on the tiger was to make him spiteful. He would have none of it. Suppose you had offered the Roman Nero a *bonbonnière* when he had been in a bad temper after an orgy, how quickly he would have tortured you! The tiger hissed, snarled, scolded. He evaded lavender; he spurned it. He showed withering contempt and unspoken disgust. It was not a hunk of horseflesh, and in his present mood a gorge of horse was all he cared for.

That was failure number two. Mr. Church and Mr. Conklin looked at the experimentalist. He had not the volume containing the Rev. J. G. Wood's statement under his arm, but he brought out of his pocket an exact copy of the text, with the page number on it, and he read it word for word in presence of the lion and the tiger, with all the elocutionary skill and emphasis he was master of. He might have advanced a line of argument to show that these were not normal animals. It would have been a nice point to explain lion and tiger idiosyncrasies, and draw parallelisms between them and men and women and certain antipathies. It might have interested a tiger to know that Anne of Austria swooned when she saw a rose, that Scaliger had a fit when he tasted water-cresses, or that the illustrious Zimmermann took on a regular ague whenever he tied a silk scarf around his respected neck.

There was a leopard and plenty of lavender left. We tried it on the leopard. What was the matter with *Felis leopardus?* Instantly he seized the paper ball and hugged it. There never could have been expressed greater animal gladness. It might have been fancied that the leopard had waited for years, cherishing the fond hope that some day he would have a lavender treat, and at last, oh, joy! it had come. He seemed to want to breathe an atmosphere of lavender. He rolled and tumbled over the ball. He had found tangible odorous bliss. If there was deliciousness to be had outside of the paper ball, in the core must be the quintessence of it. The leopard tore the ball all to pieces, but he was bound to make every shred of fragrance exude on his tawny spotted hide. He was in the best of humors. He would not have hurt a fawn. Man was not his enemy, after all. It was only his cage that checked the high flow of spirits. He made sinuous bounds and gambolled merrily. He wanted to jump out of his skin for the pure fun of the thing. The leopard grin was gone. The hard facial muscles were relaxed. He was an amiable, a loving, rollicking leopard; just such a one as Bacchus drove in his chariot. There could not have been any doubt that a member of the S. F. P. C. A., by means of lavender, might have redeemed this animal, and made him confiding. (Fig. 1.)

FIG. 7.

It was an unqualified success. A certain lion (*A*) and a particular tiger (*B*) might ignore lavender, but here was a leopard under the witchery of sweet lavender.

"Now," said Mr. Church, "the nicest animal among my numerous acquaintances here is a puma. She really is most amiable, having all the lovable traits. I should so like to have the lavender tried on her, poor dear!"

Then the lavender committee went inside of one of the menagerie buildings. As a fresh ball of perfume was prepared, it seemed to me that instantly one of two pumas in a cage was attracted by the odor of the lavender. Her muzzle was on the ground, and she swept the floor of the cage and lifted her head as the odor mounted. No sooner was the paper ball pushed into the cage than with one rapid spring she pounced on it. If with the leopard there was delight combined with sportiveness, here was a case of true lavender delirium. That paper ball made her lose her senses. It was manifest by the greed of possession. The keeper's prod would not make her part company with that precious tidbit. It was dearer to her than flesh of lamb, or calf, or sucking pig. Usually so well behaved, she was rampant now. She had forgotten all her nice and endearing ways. Even an approach to the cage, which was over six feet in depth, and she would fly to one corner and resent intrusion. Show an umbrella handle, and she growled, snapped, and showed her fangs. She hugged that paper ball as a mother would her baby. Occasionally she would drop the ball near her head, but for a second, and roll past it, laving herself in the perfumed atmosphere. Now her head would droop, and her body would take a languorous pose. She would undulate and quiver, her long tail taking rippling movements. It was a frenzy for lavender. She would have died for it in her ecstasy. It was a master passion terrible in its intensity. All the time the idea was in her poor brain that her dearly beloved wad of paper, lavender soaked, was to be taken from her. Any attempt made by the keeper to pull the ball from her, brought evidences of extreme puma temper. She fought, she bit, she scratched, she yelped and barked like a dog, she snarled, and she hissed. She made flash-like bounds facing her enemies, and there was nothing short of pandemonium in that cage. She would be killed rather than part with her sop. The other puma never had a chance. It was her lavender, not his. He was not permitted to come near her. Naturally curious, he seemed to want to know what it was all about. Did he even look at her, she would strike at him viciously with her cruel claws. She kept toying with the ball for fully a half-hour. Though she found she was not to be disturbed, still she remained suspicious. (Figs. 2 and 3.)

FIG. 5.

A cricket ball played with by a puma would not be a lively ball long, and after a while, with frequent clawings, the paper wad went to pieces. Still the fragments gave Madame Messalina pleasure, or pleasure akin to pain. Which was it? She kept inhaling the faint odor. After a while there were shreds of paper all over the cage. She did not tear the ball to pieces of her own accord in a voluntary way. It seemed as if it were too great a treasure for her to wantonly destroy. When we visited her afterward she was better tempered. As the odor had evaporated, so had too her excitement. With the leopard the success of the lavender had been perfect. With the puma the effects had been marvellous, and of this Mr. Conklin and Mr. Church assured me. (Figs. 4, 5, 6, and 7.)

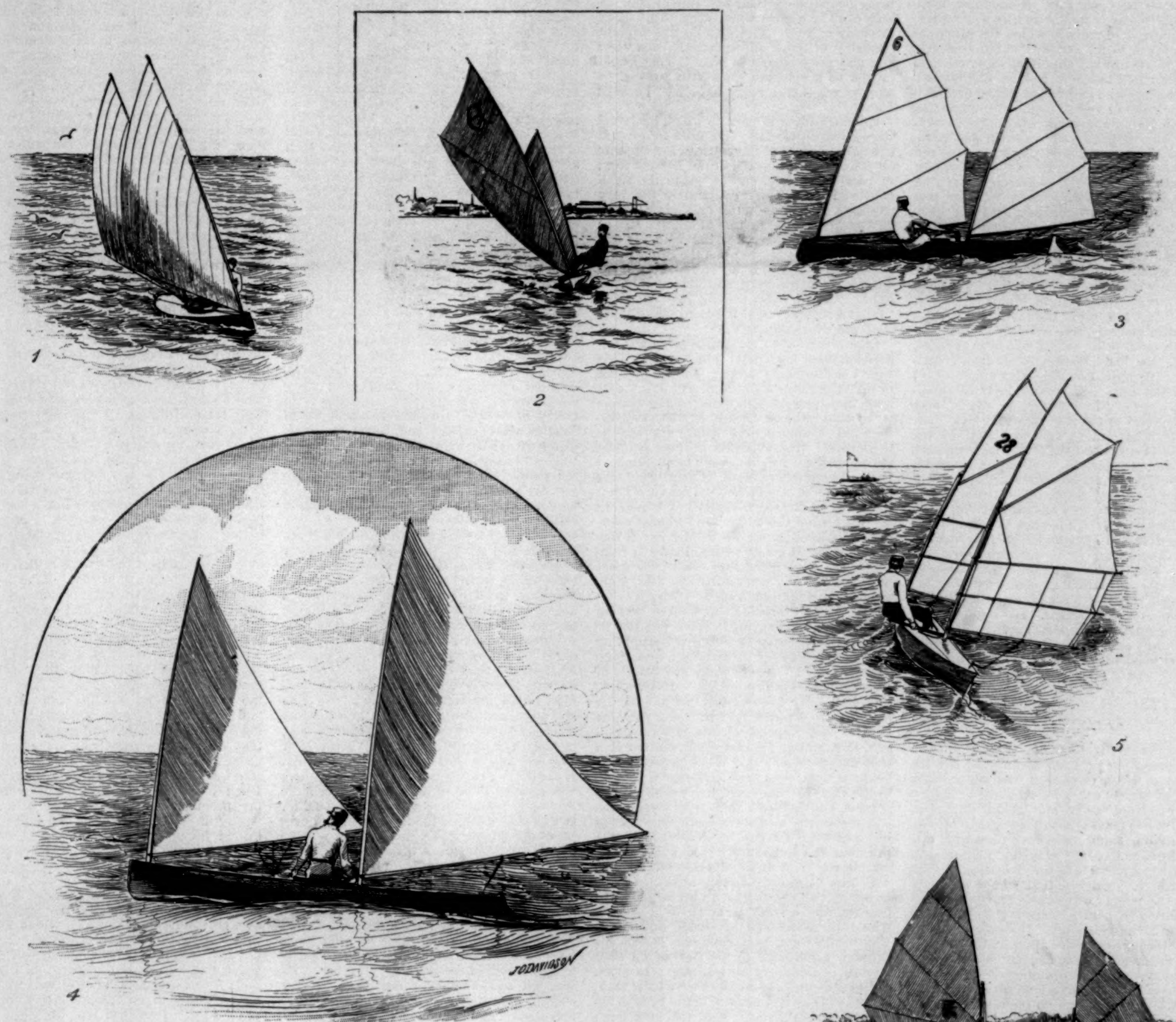
FIG. 3.

Subsequently a similar experiment was tried on a prairie-wolf. He was ravenous for it. Of course a jolly wolf is unthinkable, but still lupus took his enjoyment out of the lavender. He grabbed for the ball, dragged it through the bars, tore the paper all into bits and rolled over it, and showed his selfishness by snarling at his mate, who seemed attracted by the odor. (Fig. 8.)

Deductions from the above? There are none. There was once a monkey fond of rum, who made a spectacle of himself, and he was cured by having the rum set on fire, and as it burnt blue he became ever afterward a moral temperance monkey. Could the punishment given a puma for wickedness be equalized by a process of rewards for good conduct? Those who have made rather psychological than anatomical studies of the animal creation are inclined to believe that when we can awaken an emotional feeling in an animal "it undergoes a complete and sudden change, so that from having been 'wild,' it becomes 'tame.'" But then there is something about the felidæ which is an unpleasant trait. They are prone to relapses. They are uncertain, with "a special faculty or instinct of cruelty," so says Professor Romanes, whose trust in a cat is about the same as for a monkey. I do not think that the leopard would have for the time being hurt a child offering it a lavender sop, but the puma would have torn any man to pieces in order to retain that lavender.

FIG. 8.

BARNET PHILLIPS.



TYPICAL AMERICAN CANOES AT THE ANNUAL MEET IN PECONIC BAY.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.—[SEE PAGE 643.]

1. Mr. Stevens's *Vagabond*. 2. Mr. Quick's *Uno*. 3. Mr. Ford Jones's *Canuck*. 4. Mr. Howard's *Toltec*. 5. Mr. Butler's *Fly*. 6. Mr. Bailey's *Notus*. 7. Mr. Nadal's *Pterodactyl*. 8. Mr. Schieffelin's *Lieda*. 9. Mr. Vaux's *Bonnie*.

MODESTY.

BY CHARLES WALDSTEIN.

My friend J. R. is one of the profoundest thinkers I have ever met. He has done more original research in his own line of work, has contributed more to widen the sphere of the known, to fix and define and complete what was before but imperfectly known, than any man in England. Besides this, he is a most widely read and accomplished man, full of attainments which make life interesting and profitable, appreciative not only of everything that is great and beautiful and good, but even of what is pretty and graceful and amusing. These attainments that others consciously strive after, and when possessed after much effort are always aware of, were part of his whole nature, and seemed to be spontaneous outpourings of his personality. With him the answer to the question "Can you play the violin?"—"I do not know; I have never tried"—almost lost its humorous point, for really it looked as if he might have done everything he desired to do, if only he tried it.

With all this he is the man of the most healthful modesty, free from all shyness and free from all pride. He is free from shyness, on the one hand, because he is intellectually (and perhaps, therefore, also emotionally) free from selfishness, because he is not thinking always of himself and the way he may strike others or the way they may treat him, and is interested in and engrossed by the people he meets and the things he is discussing or contemplating. On the other hand, he is not proud, because his standard of self-estimation is not based upon a comparison of his own merits and advantages with those of others, and he is thus not aware of or interested in the superiority he may possess over others; nor is he diffident from constantly looking for and discovering points of inferiority in himself as compared with his neighbor. He has no such vacillating, mean, and unhealthy standards. His standards for judging other people, or for appreciating work and things, are *outside* himself, free from egotistical bias; his standards for judging himself are *within* himself, in the ideals of perfection or perfectibility, which stimulate his every effort, and are the grounds for self-commendation or esteem, or self-distrust or reproof.

I have never met a man so free from envy or jealousy, so joyously upraised by the discovery of virtue or skill or strength in other men, of beauty and goodness and brilliancy in women, of merit and genius in work. Nay, this extends to a natural faculty for discovering a humorous point in a simple tale or a humble incident, of seeing quaintness in an object approaching the grotesque, of finding fun in a mishap that would naturally sour the temper of a whole party. His appreciation of nature is marked by the same healthful unselfishness. He cannot understand the narrowness of appreciation of those who grumble at a flat country because they like mountains. His catholicity of taste leads him to say: "Give me a hayrick and a hedge and a bit of green turf on the road-side, with a purplish or buff ploughed field beyond, a bit of sunlight, a bit of blue haze, a cloud or two, and the delight in its way is as great as when the Matterhorn at sunset fills one's soul with awe."

The same charitable disposition (really charitable, because it is unconscious of its charity or of any attribute of itself) pervades his treatment of other men. He somehow or other cannot help seeing a good or interesting point in people in whom we only saw what is bad or dull; and to these points he would cling in dealing with them or thinking of them. And thus he had friends and friendly acquaintances among all manner of men, even among those of whom many of us disapproved: the brainless riding man ("rattling good sort, straight sporty fellow, a jolly plucky man, that!"); the priggish sulky learned man ("X. was quite talkative this evening, he is really doing first-class work, his is the real stuff"); the smuggish bore ("I hardly know a purer-hearted man than Y.; he has got rid of that beastly tie and looked quite a swell to-day")—he found something nice in them all, and they really became good fellows when with him; he would not give them an opportunity to show their disagreeable side. I remember one day finding him in one of his moods of deepest blues. These generally came when his numerous occupations and duties grew too much for him; when, with a hopeless accumulation of things he felt he ought to do, he sat in almost despair, folding his hands and feeling that he could do nothing at all. Sometimes a jar upon his sensitiveness, something "ugly and base," would strike the key-note and throw him into this dismal mood for days. Not unfrequently this oppression of work was caused by the fact that his social disposition and his power of attracting people preyed upon his time and energy to such an extent that his extensive work would suffer by it. He would then, in this frame of morbid relaxation, burst forth in a fit of bitter self-depreciation, gibe at himself, his self-indulgence, want of method, and general good-for-nothingness. Toward the end of one of these fits, he suddenly turned upon me, one day, and said: "Smith said something to me and about me the other day which pleased me more than I can tell you. I wonder whether it is true? If it is, I have some reason, after all, to be satisfied with myself. You know, we have been great friends for years, but have not seen much of each other for some time. He came up to stay with me last week, and we compared notes of our past selves as if we were dead. 'One thing of you has remained foremost in my mind,' he said. 'You always make people show their best side to you. A man can't be a brute when being with you or thinking of you. And they do this without coquetry, or lying, until gradually that nicer side may grow biggest in them.' That would indeed be a splendid quality to possess. I wonder whether I really have it? Perhaps I have."

He had a favorite parable which he found somewhere in Goethe. He used to quote it not only because of its contents, but because he considered it a model of the literary form of parable, namely, one in which the truth conveyed was pithily couched in the very strongest contrasts—in this case, pure beauty and the putrefying carcass of a dog. It ran: "And the Lord was walking with his disciples. And they came upon the carcass of a dog which was rotting in the sun. And one disciple held his eyes and said, 'What a sight!' And the other held his nose and said, 'What a stench!' And the Lord spake, 'The teeth are white as pearls!'"

I am afraid that I may have given the impression that my friend was a prig. This would be absolutely wrong. He had nothing of the sermonizer about him, and only dwelt upon these more serious moral considerations when with intimate friends or when the surrounding circumstances called for serious treatment. His definition of prig is most characteristic. Prig and snob he maintained to be supplementary ideas. A prig, according to him, was in the intellectual sphere what a snob was in the social sphere. I remember the interesting discussion we had that evening which brought out his definition. It was at the house of a very brilliant lady in London. We were discussing one of the great writers of the day, when some one said, quite lightly, "I think him a snob." We all felt a shock; and I overheard our hostess turning to our friend and saying, "Have you not always had a sneaking feeling that in applying that word to any person you were something of it yourself?" There was some danger of an embarrassed lull spreading over the whole company. My friend's tact led him to the rescue. He diverted the disturbing personal element into impersonal and general channels, in recalling Thackeray's definition of a snob and criticising it. When pressed to attempt at defining a snob himself, he pointed to the fact that snob and prig explained one another, and defined a snob as "a person who was manifestly and obtrusively conscious of his social advantages or disadvantages; a prig was the same in the sphere of intellect and morals." A duke, or even a king, who was thus manifestly conscious of his social advantage, and showed it in his actions and bearing, was a snob as much as a cobbler who thus manifested his social deficiency. The browbeating professor who flaunts his superior knowledge in the face of all poor laymen, conscious of his learning, is as much of a prig as the *famulus Wagner* who is melting with his own ignorance in the light of his learned master Faust. And the little Jack Horner, very good boy, who is constantly eating the plum of moral self-gratulation with sticky fingers, is as much of a prig as the humble "sinner" whose back is fairly broken under the weight of sins which he acknowledges himself to have the merit of carrying. "I cannot stand the intellectually or morally *nouveau riche*," I have heard him say; "he is as bad and as self-assertive as the shoddy is in the social sphere." Good-breeding is good-breeding because it *is* and does not know it; and brains and heart are most there when they do not show their anatomy. It is only in disease or *post-mortems* that brains and hearts are worth studying as such. His type of a snob and a prig combined was the young Duke in Browning's *Flight of the Duchess*:

> "For what the old Duke was without knowing it,
> The young Duke fain would know that he was without being it."

No, my friend was certainly not the prig or the good boy. He was very demonstrative of his displeasure when he felt it, and expressed it in strong language. Nor did his modesty prevent him from "jumping upon" people when he was convinced that they deserved it. He was once on a scientific commission which had met to decide some points that were much discussed at the time. At the first meeting he felt strongly that, whereas some definite questions could efficiently be studied and decided upon by the commission, there were the wider, general questions which did not admit of a final and direct solution by anybody at that time. He therefore moved a restriction of the ground to be covered, confessing that he was not able to form a satisfactory opinion owing to the absence of data for the formation of such an opinion. This ignorance he entirely ascribed to himself. But when one member of the commission, a man holding a great position in the world, and who (as my friend afterward confessed to me) really knew less about the question in hand than he did, began patronizingly to assure him that he and other members would provide him with facts, his patience gave way, and, walking to the other end of the long table, he put his hand on the distinguished man's shoulder and said: "When I said that I did not know enough of the subject, I did not mean to imply that you did; my ignorance does not produce your knowledge; nor, gentlemen (turning to the whole assembly), do I mean to imply that any one of you here present, or any other body of men, is capable of deciding this question at the present state of the facts." He was greeted with applause and carried his point.

He loved to see "cocksureness" rebuked, and delighted in the snub which the late master of Trinity gave a dogmatic young man when he summed up the youthful orator's tirade: "Yes, we are none of us infallible, not even the youngest among us." On the other hand, no one irritated him as much at certain meetings, and led him to the use of strong language, as a very distinguished and reverent scholar, who, with a humility that was in bad taste if not disingenuous, would always preface his remarks with phrases such as "though I know less about this matter than you all here do," "though I have absolutely no right to an opinion" (though he was called upon by duty and position to have one), etc., etc. He often chuckled over "dear old B.'s" dogmatic rudeness. B. was an old German professor, *facile princeps* in his own line of work. He would constantly confess that he had not given sufficient attention to one or the other departments of his study, and would listen with genuine interest and avidity of learning to what a younger member of his guild had to tell him. Scholars in the same branch passing through his university town, which lays in a much-frequented district, would often meet there when setting out upon or returning from their holiday trip. In the evening all would meet at a beer-garden, and, under the presidency of old B., there was much interesting "shop" talked. On one occasion, among the people thus assembled was a very aggressive younger German professor, who, in a loud voice and a very disagreeable, thumping manner, was laying down the law. All present were much irritated with him, but it apparently had not yet moved the equanimity of mild old B. At last the young rude prig was holding forth loudly on a question which happened to be a question of argument and not of fact, so that a discussion could well be maintained on his side. But his manner was so offensive that it roused even the modest old B. Turning round to the young professor, from the head of the table where he sat, he, with almost exaggerated quiet and solemnity, raised his forefinger, which was long and bony, and slowly waving it in pendulum fashion to and fro before the speaker's face, he said, quietly and solemnly: "*Nein, Herr Professor, das ist nicht so*" (No, Professor, that is not so). The argument was closed; there was nothing more to say, and nothing more was said, though there was much to be said. It was the only time modest old B. had ever been seen dogmatic, the only time he seemed aware and conscious of his own dignity, and seemed to be resting his claim upon the works he had written so long ago, and to speak *ex cathedra* whence he had taught generations of scholars. It was the justified revolt of true modesty stung by arrogance.

Some time ago there came into our circle a very remarkable man, who was preceded by a reputation of extraordinary ability. He was tall and strong and dark, and of very striking appearance. The extent of his knowledge on all manner of subjects was phenomenal. He had travelled a great deal, seen and known all manner of people, had read widely and extensively, and astonished us all with his intimate familiarity with out-of-the-way facts of history and literature, of art and craft, of peoples and countries. He spoke in a quiet way, with great succinctness and directness, and did not hesitate to correct the slips of those who spoke vaguely or inaccurately on subjects. My friend was at once deeply impressed by him. "I have never met anybody like him. He makes me feel like mud. He does teach one humility. He makes me feel what a humbug I am. There I am skulking and sneaking through the world of thought with a pitiable, small, mean capital of facts and accurate knowledge, always drawing and overdrawing my poor account of facts to launch out into the greatest spheres of thought and speculation, living from hand to mouth, forced to refer to a book for the simplest, commonest fact, and that man has it all there, neatly stored away in his brain, ready to be referred to whether walking in the street, or smoking in a club, or chatting with a lady in a drawing-room. Do not tell me that this stupendous memory and wealth of facts are purchased at the expense of his speculative faculty. I tried that sneaking, ungenerous, belittling prop to my tottering vanity: he can think fully as well as we can, though he knows so much more than we do; you cannot cling even to this last straw of self-conciliation. No, he is a wonderful man; I admire him very much, and shall love him very soon." This burst of admiration was very characteristic of him. But soon I found that he did not speak so much of this wonderful polyhistor; he avoided talking about him, and would not express an opinion when he was discussed. One day at a dinner, when this wonderful man gave another evidence of unexpected, accurate knowledge, I was astonished to see our friend lean over, and, in his pleasant way, that made offence almost impossible, say: "S., I shall like you quite the first time I hear you say 'I don't know.'" As we walked home that evening I, meaning to draw him, referred to the remarkable instance of universal information given by S. that evening. "Well, I don't know," he simply said, "I have some vague memory of those facts, and I think he was quite out of it in his statement, though it was made with great weight and positiveness. I must look it up when I get back to my study." And when we arrived there, to smoke our last pipe before going to bed, he at once put his hand upon a fat volume, and, frowning, he said, dryly, "Yes, I was right; S. is quite out of it."

From that day on I noticed traces of irritation in our friend (very uncommon with him) whenever he was in the presence of the great S. Some months after this he rushed into my room one evening, and began to talk rapidly, walking up and down, as was his wont when excited. "I can't stand it—I am bursting with rage. I have had it pent up now for months, until my nerves are tingling with it. I have had it out with S. like a stupid school-boy, and what I am especially sorry for is that I was rude to him in my own rooms. I wish I had not done it there; I have old-fashioned views on hospitality and such things: But, hang it, it was all true, deeply true, and I could not help saying it! Please, my dear fellow, discount from the violence of diction of what I say now, I do not really mean it all so strongly; but it relieves me to shout it out, and I wish the world could hear it—for it is so true, so true.

"You know how I began by admiring S. for his wonderful information. But he soon puzzled me. I began to feel that he must be made quite differently from myself, was built on quite a different scale to feel things in so final a shape, to be so serene amidst the puzzling maze of things. I was quite prepared to look upon myself as an utter fool (fool that I was for doing so) until a slight circumstance gave me the first shock. I told him one day of a new German dissertation containing some interesting discoveries which I had just received, and gave him a short superficial account of its contents. I promised to lend it to him in a few days, when I could spare it. The very next day, by a curious chance, the subject dealt with in this dissertation was referred to in hall. After several of those present gave cautious views, S., with that quiet, self-contained, and oracular finality, gave the few poor superficial facts I had told him as a weak summary of the German's work the day before, as a wonderful and striking ray of light amidst the tenebrous grouping of hesitating opinion. The setting the words had on his lips, the conviction and maturity of personal assimilation, pointing to years of thought and experience which they seemed to possess from his personality, made it all sound so differently that I doubted whether they really were the facts which I had cast before him in a hasty conversation the previous day. Now, there is nothing wrong in using information but recently acquired because its acquisition has been recent. But the tone in which this was conveyed was misleading; it pointed to an intimate acquaintance with the whole subject which I knew him not to possess; it promised so much more behind the mere words spoken. I received a shock which, for the first time, made me doubt him, and I could not help watching for confirmation of my suspicions. From that moment on I continually found him making assertions with that simple dignified assurance which were quite unfounded. I realized that his great effort was to hide his ignorance and to shine with his knowledge. He is eaten up by vanity, nurtured by the fatal frailty of his memory, and by the wonderment and admiration of the people whom he thus impressed, until it has become a powerful stimulus for which he craves like a drunkard, eating away the moral vitality and sensibility, which, from the traces that have not yet been obliterated, he must have possessed to a high degree. He has no reverence for the heroic effort it costs to grasp at the whole truth; he cannot feel the great thrill of grasping her in one's arms in all her purity after one has fought one's way through the night and storm of doubt, the toils of puzzling fallacies, and the enemies of light. Nay, it has gone farther and has eaten at his heart. He fears discovery, like an impostor, and as he deals lightly with facts and things, he deals lightly with human beings and their character. It sounded as captivating in its boldness and directness to hear him praise one man as the greatest of his kind, and condemn others as the worst and basest. Well, he had no justification for passing judgment upon people whose works and life he barely knew, using his personal impressiveness (itself a sham) to extol or demolish another man in the eyes of all who come within his influence. I hear that he praises me. I *will* not be praised by him; it is an insult to me. He is a bad man, whose judgment is guided by selfishness and vanity as much as is that of a child or a thoughtless girl. Were he either of these it would not strike me so. He came this evening really to ask for information; but he could not bring himself to ask it simply. His questions came in the form of information given to me. I could stand it no longer; my pent-up wrath burst out, and I told him how vicious I considered that habit of mind.

"Oh, my dear fellow, how I hate it! How one ought to preach against it! We civilized Europeans feel the gulf of difference that lies between ourselves and the African savage, between our moral standards and those of the Oriental. Well, I say that those of us who have cultivated this sense of the sanctity of truth, and of the supreme claims of just thought, are different beings, live in a different moral world, from those whose sense in this direction is blunted or has remained in embryo. A sense is wanting in them, and that sense is fundamental in its power of guiding us rightly in the complicated organization of

our social life; it has become as necessary to us, as cardinal a virtue, as the law against stealing and murdering was to a simpler and earlier stage of civilization. Why, we can divide educated society into two groups: those who possess this virtue, and those who do not.

"But what is most astonishing is the fact, how many people of refined moral sensibility there are among us who are entirely blunt as regards the appreciation of this cardinal virtue. They shrink with horror from any of the grosser vices, they refuse their hand to any person convicted of what they call lying, and they do not see that this is lying, the more dangerous and destructive because not recognized as a vicious disease, undermining the moral constitution of individuals, of classes, and of society. How often does a man distinguished in art or fiction or politics lay down the law upon some question of science, to which men with great initial power of thought have devoted their whole lives, and have learned caution and reverence in deciding upon important points. And there we all sit and listen, and but few are aware of the fact, and most would think it a gross exaggeration of terms if one pointed to the immorality of such a proceeding, if one called it lying and impertinence. Nay, not in conversation only are these sins committed, but even in print; and as S. uses his impressive personality to give weight to his unsound information, famous men use their reputation to commit this sin against the sanctity of truth and honest work.

"How could you, my friend, live with a person whose whole scale of truthfulness and thought was absolutely different from yours? There would be no common language between you, there would really be no common moral basis, as little as there exists between an Arab chief and a refined English girl. You know I do not care for Blue-stockings, and that they do not attract me. But, my dear friend, never marry a fool or a woman whose intellectual sense of truth is not refined. Not only her power of reasoning, but her power of sympathy will be undeveloped. She will never be able to ignore her desires when they are governed by her feeling. There will be no ultimate judge to appeal to when feeling loses its correct bearings and is bedimmed or polluted by passion great or small.

"And how can this great virtue be taught, or can it be taught at all? I believe it can in many ways, but especially in one. You know how I have always argued and fought against the current notion that the natural sciences could supplant and replace the study of the humanities. You know how I have argued against the predominance of the so-called useful professional studies, and in favor of the studies that aim, above all, at culture and refinement of taste. I have done this, even running into the paradoxical. Well, now I wish to extol the natural sciences, and to accentuate their educational value. It is to them chiefly, and to their development and diffusion in modern times, that we owe this refinement of the sense of truth, theoretical and *practical*. I do not mean to attach so much importance to the acquisition of the rudiments of chemistry and physics, to the learning of formulas, to the familiarization of the chief results of natural history, of biology, and zoology. This I consider comparatively unimportant. But I wish all people, at some period of their education, to learn and realize how, by what method, after what careful and conscientious process of induction, these general truths are arrived at. They are to read Darwin, that great life-work of a truly modest and charitable man, not so much to know what evolution is, or to speculate on the origin of species, but to learn, by personal, emotional experience, in living through another man's unselfish work, how much careful weighing of numberless instances, of the elimination of the personal selfish desire to see things as one desires to see them, it requires before one is justified in expressing an opinion or even in forming one for one's self. A man or a woman who has realized this fully once in his or her life will be not only wider and of keener perception ever after, but will be morally improved, more just and charitable, more self-forgetful, and more helpful to others—they will be higher social beings.

"*O Sancta Modestia, Filia Veritatis*. . . . You see, I must talk Latin; we have no one word to convey the idea of this gracious virtue. The prurient people have robbed the noble word modesty from us, and have restricted, lowered, and weakened its meaning."

I have but very inadequately given what my friend said that evening. All his eloquence has been lost in my transcription, and the surroundings, the *milieu* of his panegyric of modesty, I cannot at all render. The quiet of the college court at midnight, the scholastic and still modern sense of seclusion of the college rooms, the friend with face lighted up as by inspiration, his head bent forward as if in eagerness to convey the whole truth, while he paced up and down, occasionally pausing when he felt the truth coming to him—the absence of all this must diminish the impressiveness of my account.

It became quite a turning-point in my own way of looking at things and people. I traced it everywhere, felt the beauty of its presence, and the ugliness and the distress where it was not.

No, we have not now one word that conveys this simple virtue fully and adequately. The French have *modestie*, and the Germans have *Bescheidenheit*; but our word *modesty* has lost its original strength; it has been narrowed down and weakened into one special groove of meaning, until it corresponds more to the French word *pudeur*, the German *Schamgefühl*, and seems to supply the words *chastity* and *purity*, or sense of shame, the meanings of which it is meant to convey in a weakened and more acceptable form.

There seems to be a constant direction of change in the history of words amounting almost to what might be called a law. They seem to lose their strength and their keen edge of meaning with use. They either become vulgarized, or caricatured, or modified into social levity, and when once they have thus degenerated they lie fallow for a long time, until occasionally, when the commonness of overuse or abuse has died out of memory, they may be revived as an archaic term by some writer of literary note, and then resume their pristine strength of meaning.

There are many causes for this process of degeneration of words. One very powerful cause is the tendency toward euphemism—toward softening down meanings that may be shocking to the tender sensibilities or unpleasant in their associations. Then a word of kindred meaning is taken from another sphere, becomes fixed by use to this indirect meaning, and in its turn loses its early strength of significance. Chastity and purity appeared too strong for ordinary social use, and thus modesty has been more and more employed to convey this narrow or weaker meaning of delicacy of thought and manners. But we want its original strength back to designate the cardinal virtue my friend prizes so highly.

The modest man and the modest woman are those who possess that true humility of heart and mind which lies midway between arrogance and aggressive assurance on the one hand and mock-humility and morbid diffidence on the other. The modest man is the one who takes the true and just estimate of himself and of his views and opinions, and lives and speaks up to the standard of this just estimate, neither above nor below it. But the difficult question is that of determining what is this just estimate. Well, it is not to be found in the unsound comparison of one's self with others, but lies in the fullest conception of all the faculties that are imperfect in one's self—in the ideal of one's own best powers. Whoever holds such higher views of a possible self before him will be humble of his own attainments on the one hand, and dignified in the self-dependence which admits of no pharisaical self-gratulation or servile self-obliteration on the other. And so with thoughts and convictions and opinions which will be judged of by the divine ideals of knowledge and of goodness.

But it is still safer to keep these ideals before one's eyes and not to waste one's energies in looking inward too much. Our own importance is never very great, and is most likely to make itself felt in its fullest power the more we merge all the energies its contemplation might consume into the struggle for the attainment of what is highest and best.

What does it all mean, and what have I meant by writing this? I mean to show the importance of intellectual honesty *practised* continuously and constantly, even in the smallest every-day occurrence, until it becomes a necessary habit of mind, a natural instinct, a moving or guiding power to every beat of our heart. It is true "the good heart" is at the bottom of even our most superficial virtue or social grace. But what I wish to accentuate here is the educational importance of this intellectual modesty in forming or maintaining the good heart. The old-fashioned Biblical term, "the bad heart," means pride, and pride is want of true modesty, and modesty we learn when we realize fully how hard it is to grasp truth, and how careful we must be in allowing ourselves to form an opinion.

RECENT IMPROVEMENTS IN CANOEING.

THE annual meet of the American Canoe Association, which is being held during the current fortnight at Jessup's Neck, on the shores of the great Peconic Bay, has a tendency to bring more prominently to notice than ever before the popularity and rapid growth of canoeing in America. As this is the first meet of any consequence to be held on salt-water, it will do much toward correcting the impression held by too many persons who follow the sea for pleasure and recreation that the canoe is a sort of toy craft adapted only to paddling on quiet rivers and landlocked lakes. Salt-water sailors are slow to believe that the modern sailing canoe is the fastest craft of her size and weight in the world until they have come alongside and challenged to a race. Owners of smart cat-boats and small sloops already know what a lively craft the canoe is on any point of sailing and in almost any sort of weather. Yachtsmen and small-boat owners have been reluctant to give the canoeist his rightful place among them, mainly for the reason that they have formed their opinions of canoes when canoeing was a far different sort of sport than it is now. A few years ago—as most people measure time—the canoe was mostly used for paddling on quiet rivers, or for sailing gently along some peaceful lake. There are still those among the twenty thousand or so canoeists in the United States and Canada who paddle down quiet rivers and sail mildly along amiable lakes, but the canoeist who does most to broaden the growth of the American Canoe Association is another sort of person entirely. He is a person who sails races in all sorts of weather all summer, and who lies awake nights all winter trying to invent some new improvement in hull or rigging that will give him an advantage over his equally anxious rivals.

The greatest progress in canoe-racing has been made within the past five years, and in connection with this it is significant to note that the association has grown most rapidly during the same time. Prior to 1885 the racing canoe carried a cargo of shot in bags as ballast. The Englishmen went to the extreme in this matter, and as a result they were hopelessly behind their American competitors in such contests as they came across the water to engage in. When a Connecticut man appeared at one of the meets of the association with a boat that carried no ballast, and won nearly everything that was worth winning, the shot-bags were in most cases thrown overboard.

With this revolution came a general desire to build boats that should combine extreme lightness with great sail-carrying power. Mr Paul Butler, of Lowell, Massachusetts, was the first man to give a practical solution of the problem, by placing upon his canoe a deck seat that could be shifted to windward when the sailor wished to hike out over the side of his boat. The sliding seat is now used on all racing canoes and on many cruisers. With the deck seat came increased areas of sail, and consequently greater driving power and more speed. The type of canoe that in 1885 carried only eighty square feet of sail now carries 150 feet, and stands up better under it. The use of the sliding seat made necessary a tiller that could be grasped when the sailor was two feet or more out beyond the edge of his boat. Mr. Butler again overcame the difficulty by introducing the cross tiller, which is a contrivance that runs across the deck and parallel with the sliding seat. It is always within easy reach on any point of sailing. Mr. Butler is the inventor of several other improvements of lesser importance. Naturally these things were readily made use of by other canoeists, so that Mr. Butler became a conspicuous figure in canoeing, quite as much for his useful inventions as for the numerous victories of his canoe *Fly*, which is one of the best-known boats in the country. The *Fly* is a round, full-bodied boat, with a long, flat floor and plenty of free board. Her centre board is shipped just forward of the midship section. Sixty per cent. of the sail area is carried at the bow, and forty per cent. about five feet and a half from the stern.

The canoe *Lieda*, which is owned by Mr. Schuyler Schieffelin, of the New York Canoe Club, is a copy of the *Fly* in the matter of hull, but the *Lieda* now carries the centre board six inches farther aft, and in light winds sets up two sails of seventy-five square feet each. Under Mr. Schieffelin's skilful handling the *Lieda* has developed great speed during the present summer. The new canoe *Pterodactyl*, which was built this season by McWhirter for Commodore B H. Nadal, of the New York Canoe Club, is a modified *Fly*. It is very fast and sea-worthy, and with its new leg-o'-mutton rig, it should give a good account of itself before the end of the season.

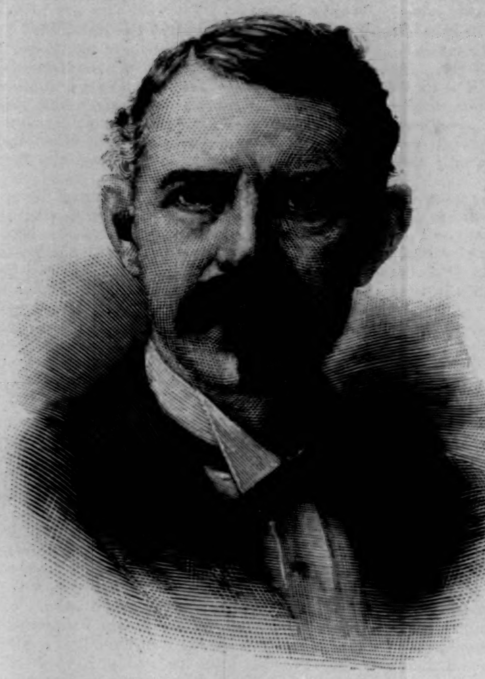
Among the canoes that were in the forefront of public notice last year were the *Notus* and *Canuck*. At the association meet the great race of the year—the trophy race—was won by Mr. Ford Jones, of Brockville, Canada, in the *Canuck*, although Mr Reade W. Bailey, of the Pittsburg Canoe Club, was leading with the *Notus* until his steering gear was carried away. The *Canuck* is a Canadian boat, and very little is known of her here except that she is much like the American boats in build and rig. Mr. Jones has this year challenged for the New York Canoe Club's International Challenge Cup, which members of the Royal Canoe Club, of London, England, have raced for unsuccessfully on two occasions. The trial races to select a defender of the cup will be held by the New York Canoe Club on August 29th and 30th. The Brooklyn Canoe Club recently claimed the right to hold the trial races, for the reason that the cup was defended successfully at the last international race by one of its members. On that occasion the cup was defended by Mr. Reginald S. Blake in the famous canoe *Eclipse*, which has had as brilliant a record as any canoe afloat. Since last year, however, the builder of the *Eclipse* has built several other boats that are supposed to be faster than the *Eclipse*, although the old boat beat some of them at the Brooklyn regatta this summer. Among the new boats that were built last winter as improvements on the *Eclipse* are Mr. H. Lansing Quick's *Uno*, Mr. T. S. Oxholm's *Beta*, and Mr. Harry Ward's *Seabright*. The first two are in the Yonkers Canoe Club, and the last-named in the Brooklyn Club. They are sharp, lean-looking boats, with plenty of dead-rise and very easy bilges. They have won a number of hard-sailed races this summer, the *Uno* winning the Brooklyn regatta and the Newark Bay regatta, the *Seabright* the Field and Marine Club's invitation race, and the *Beta* the same club's senior race.

The race of the Corinthian Navy off Tompkinsville, Staten Island, last month, showed the *Bonnie*, Mr. C. Bowyer Vaux's new boat, to be very fast, especially in light winds and in going to windward. The *Bonnie* won the race with several minutes to spare. She is an improvement on Mr. Vaux's last year's boat, the *Atom*, which was a trifle more full in the bow. Mr. Vaux is one of the best-known canoeists in the association, but his best work has been done on New York Bay, in races outside of the association. The *Vagabond*, the property of Mr. Charles J. Stevens, Secretary of the New York Canoe Club, has been noted quite as much for the improvements that her owner has made in her rig as for her sailing qualities. Mr. Stevens has tried many experiments with canoe sails and working gear, and as a result of his work he has decided upon the leg-o'-mutton hoisting rig as the one best adapted to his purposes. He has also experimented successfully with draught in linen sails. His ideas have been copied by the owners of a number of fast canoes with excellent results.

By far the most radical change in the standard system of rigging a racing canoe has been made this year in Mr. William Willard Howard's boat, the *Toltec*, which was built by McWhirter, of West Brighton, from designs by Mr. W. P. Stephens. In the *Toltec* all former ideas of sail distribution have been reversed. Instead of placing the larger sail forward, the owner of the new boat placed it aft. To counterbalance this radical change, the centre board was brought aft to the exact centre of the boat. Moreover, it was the largest centre board ever placed in a racing canoe of the same size. Then the smallest cockpit ever built for a canoe of this kind was put in, and as the centre board trunk ran completely through it, the effect was in many ways novel and surprising. The *Toltec* was a revolution in canoe rigging, and old-time canoeists were some time in getting accustomed to the appearance of it. At the Newark Bay regatta an anxious friend rowed out in a small boat to tell the crew of the *Toltec* that he had placed his sails in wrong end first. Other friendly critics have pointed out the same apparent mistake. The owner of the *Toltec*, however, does not think that he has made much of a mistake. On the contrary, he is pretty well satisfied with his experiment. It naturally takes a great deal of experimental work to get such a radical innovation into good racing condition. In the first place, various experiments must be tried with sails and spars and other details of the rig before the right thing is finally selected, and then the sailor must unlearn what he has already learned about sailing the old style of boat before he can begin to properly sail the new. This will probably be the work of two or three seasons, and by that time the real value of the new idea will no doubt be passed upon by others. In the Corinthian Mosquito Fleet regatta off Stapleton, Staten Island, June 27th, the *Toltec* won three silver prizes—one for the fastest time over the course, another for the first canoe to cross the finishing line, and a third for the most skilfully handled canoe. In the Newark Bay regatta the *Toltec* started nearly twenty lengths behind the others, but finished half a length behind the second man, who was about six lengths in the rear of the winner. Like the *Vagabond*, the *Toltec* uses leg-o'-mutton linen sails. Mr. L. B. Palmer's boat is similar to the *Toltec* in hull, but not in rig.

THE CAMERAS.

FARMER JONES. "Well, by lightnin', I've travilled this path ter the medder for the last thurty-five year, an' blow me if I ever struck a critter like that; must be one o' them guerilla that I see in the nateral hist'ry. If I only had my gun."



HON. THOMAS GOODE JONES, GOVERNOR-ELECT OF ALABAMA.—From a Photograph.

CHIEF JOSEPH.

Sculpture labors under the disadvantage of having in most cases to carry out a subject or make a likeness at the bidding of some one else besides the artist himself. In painting there is more chance for an independent choice of topic, though the painted portrait is usually undertaken under the same hampering bonds. Luckily Mr. Olin L. Warner, while travelling in the West, happened to be on the Cherokee Reservation when Chief Joseph, the famous leader of the Nez Percés, was expected at army head-quarters. He waited until the old chief arrived, and used such arguments that in the course of several sittings he obtained the bass-relief medallion which is here to be seen. It was shown at the National Academy last spring, but hardly received the place and the attention it deserved. The portrait is a true labor of love on the part of the sculptor, and while it gives one of the many types of our North-American Indians, is said to be an excellent likeness of the warrior.

The remnant of the Nez Percés to which Joseph belongs are now on a portion of the Cherokee Reservation, purchased in 1878 from the Cherokees. It is a square containing about 91,000 acres, lying across the Salt Fork of the Arkansas River, just above that which was bought for the Poncas. They have the Poncas on the east, and the Otoes and Missourias on the southeast. Kansas lies well to the north, and one crosses the big Osage Reservation when approaching it from the eastward. After their capitulation to General Miles in 1877, the remnant of the tribe, numbering 431 souls, were taken to Fort Leavenworth, where the location of their camp was so unhealthy that they lost many by disease. They were removed to their reservation on the Salt Fork in 1879, whence it has been proposed to move them again, in pursuance of the hand-to-hand policy which has affected Cherokees, Osages, and other larger nations in their gradual removal to the West before the swarming settlers. It was probably because of business relating to the further removal of the Indians that Chief Joseph came within range of our sculptor, and found himself immortalized in clay. Though he had ridden hard for many days to reach head-quarters, the old chief was fresh and alert. But, curiously enough, he found that sitting for his portrait was quite a different task from sitting a horse. Mr. Warner says that it wearied Chief Joseph exceedingly, far more than it does white men who are much less vigorous.

The Nez Percés belonged in what is now the State of Idaho, and the greater part of the tribe remained on reservations in that Territory. A few years ago several thousands were flourishing in the northern part of the Territory, having farms, schools, and churches. Other accounts make them out as debased by drink and the vices of white adventurers. A minority of the Nez Percés never agreed to the cession of their lands, and occupied the army for some months at various times in making them submit. The name given the Nez Percés by the French *coureurs de bois* is singularly inappropriate, as they do not mutilate their noses, and seem never to have done so as a tribe, whatever may have been the fashion in some branch of their kindred. The Sahaptins, for example, who have given the name to a congeries of tribes including the Nez Percés, are said to have bored the nose in order to carry a nose ornament like the Hindoo women and some tribes of Brazil.

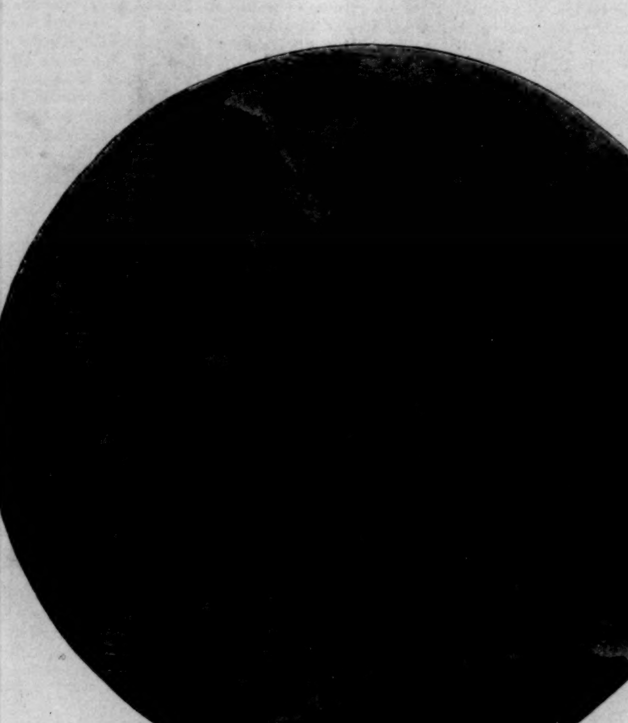
Chief Joseph calls himself Hin-mah-toó-yah-lat-kekht, and the tribe is said to use Numepo as their preferred title, though nomenclature among Indians is a parlous thing, many names at the same time and different names at different epochs being the fashion with them individually and in the mass. He is a very high type of Indian as regards brains and courage, but he possesses many of the peculiarities of the savage. His eyes are dull and his features stolid as a rule, but if a bird passes, an animal makes a sound in the bush, an insect comes within earshot or eyesight, something happens in that vacant look. Things that we do not regard have hidden meanings to him, either in connection with the weather, or by reason of superstitions which link certain results with certain appearances, or because the sight of one animal or insect has to do with the presence or the absence of another. The sculptor says that only when some beast, bird, or insect was in sight did the old chief look the warrior and the Indian. When that was gone he relapsed into the apparently unthinking state of an animal, and showed very plainly that to remain in one position while the clay was modelling itself under the artist's fingers was a penance greater than to wait immovable for hours until game revealed itself or an enemy crept in sight.

Chief Joseph belongs to the light-colored Indians. As most people are aware, the native races vary in tint from a brown that approaches the blackness of a negro to a light coffee-color not so dark as many Europeans. The Quichuas of Peru are very black, and the Heidahs of Queen Charlotte and Blackfeet of the Saskatchewan are fair. The Pammas of Brazil are lighter than many Spaniards and Portuguese, while the Iroquois and Algonquin tribes are coppery or light brown. But what is often overlooked is the apparent unimportance of climate on the color of the Indians under the arctic circle or at the equator. Were it not for the broad plaits of hair and absence of beard, giving to Chief Joseph that curious resemblance, in our eyes, to an old woman which we see in so many Indians, the face might be that of a European. As heavy lips, as bent a nose, as high a cheek-bone, may be seen in any crowd of white men. The forehead is good, and the brain cavity ample. In sailors and woodsmen we find the same close-lipped, somewhat saturnine expression.

On the artistic side one may note how Mr. Warner has felt the building up of the cranium and jaw, and how strongly yet subtly he has modelled the texture of the face. From the inscription the marks of quotation might well be spared at the words Joseph and Nez Percé, while the word Indians itself might be criticised as redundant.

Chief Joseph, as we all know, had a claim to the Wallowa Valley in Oregon, dating from the Stevens treaty in 1855, and conceded again to him and his tribe of about 500 Indians in 1873 by General Grant, while the latter was President. Two years later the concession of June 16, 1873, was revoked, and the Wallowa Valley was thrown into the public domain along with all of Oregon west of the Snake River. In 1877 it was determined to remove the Nez Percés from Oregon to the reservation in Idaho, and General Howard reported that they had agreed to go, not willingly, but under constraint. Some whites were killed, and Chief White Bird sent word that he would not remove, whereupon an unequal war began between retreating bands of Nez Percés and companies of United States cavalry, aided by volunteers. The Indians crossed the Yellowstone Park and River, endeavoring to escape into British territory, but were followed closely by Howard, and headed off by General, then Colonel Miles. In the battle that ensued near the mouth of Eagle Creek 6 chiefs and 25 warriors were killed, and 38 men wounded. Two officers and 21 men were killed and 4 officers and 38 men wounded on the side of the pursuers. The whole camp of about 450 men, women, and children fell into Colonel Miles's hands. General Howard reached the battle-field just in time to be present at the surrender.

Chief Joseph conducted this retreat with very extraordinary skill. He beat Colonel Gibbon with 15 officers, 146 troopers, and 34 volunteers, though with much loss of men. He stampeded General Howard's horses and pack-train, fought Colonel Sturgis on the Yellowstone River, losing many horses, and came very near making good his retreat to British America. Of this campaign General Sherman has said: "The Indians throughout displayed a courage and skill that elicited universal praise; they abstained from scalping; let captive women go free; did not commit indiscriminate murder of peaceful families, which is usual; and fought with almost scientific skill, using advance and rear guards, skirmish lines, and field fortifications." These facts only make harder the fate that awaited them, for it shows that no forbearance, no bravery and generalship, are able to win for Indians justice. The right of the Nez Percés to the Wallowa Valley was perfect, and the killing of four white men possibly but not certainly by Indians was made the pretext of hunting them down and letting them die of disease at Fort Leavenworth. By neglecting to provide means to prevent tyranny and land-grabbing on the part of its white citizens our government is constantly forced to violate the most solemn treaties, and confess itself unworthy of trust. The weakness and injustice of our dealing with Indians was never shown in a more picturesque and striking example than in our conduct toward this little section of the Nez Percés. It is only fair to say, however, that we have had recent examples in which the government realized that the nation has a duty to perform in protecting Indians against encroachments by white settlers, and the troops were used in a more honorable exploit than hunting down men with whom the nation had broken a solemn compact.



PORTRAIT MEDALLION OF "CHIEF JOSEPH," MODELLED FROM LIFE BY OLIN L. WARNER.—From a Photograph by Pach Brothers.

THE NEW GOVERNOR OF ALABAMA.

Thomas Goode Jones, who was elected Governor of Alabama on August 4th by the customary large Democratic majority, is a native Alabamian, about forty-four years of age. He has taken strong ground against the Farmers' Alliance notwithstanding that it nearly captured the Convention at which he was nominated, and seemed to have gained much power in the State. He braved the displeasure of this element of his party, and opposed the proposed Sub-Treasury law providing for government loans on agricultural securities. That he has not suffered to any extent from his courageous course is evident in the result of the election. He is a lawyer who has built up a lucrative practice at Montgomery, and was the attorney in Alabama for the Louisville and Nashville Railroad Company. Two years ago he was Speaker of the State House of Representatives, but declined a renomination to the Legislature as involving too large a sacrifice of his business interests. He is Colonel of the Second Regiment of Alabama Militia, and was in command during the Posey riot at Birmingham, when he distinguished himself by good judgment and firmness, sustained law and order, and prevented a lynching. He entered the Southern army during the war of secession at the early age of sixteen, and was a member of the staff of General Gordon, who more than once had occasion to compliment him on his fearlessness and the value of his services. His friends have said that he did not seem to know what fear was. The young man but a year after the close of the war publicly uttered one of those frank and magnanimous expressions of fraternity and good feeling on the part of Southerners which have done so much to heal the wounds and throw oblivion on the bitterness of the strife. The occasion was the great gathering of ex-Confederate soldiers at Montgomery in 1866, and a Northern woman was so moved by the sentiments of the speaker that she left him in her will a legacy of five hundred dollars as a mark of her appreciation. He is a man of great force of character and ability.

A SENSIBLE PRECAUTION.

Though disease cannot always be conquered, its first approach can be checked. But not only is the use of a medicinal safeguard to be recommended on the first appearance of a malady, but a wise discrimination should be exercised in the choice of a remedy. For thirty years or more Hostetter's Stomach Bitters has been the reigning specific for dyspepsia, fever and ague, a loss of physical stamina, liver complaint and other disorders, and has been most emphatically endorsed by medical men as a health and strength restorative. It is indeed a wise precaution to use this sovereign fortifying agent and alterative in the early stages of disease, for it effectually counteracts it, if the malady belongs to that large class to which this sterling medicine is adapted. Not only is it efficacious, but pure and harmless.—[*Adv.*]

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. Sold by druggists in every part of the world. Twenty-five cents a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

When baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.—[*Adv.*]

BROWN'S HOUSEHOLD PANACEA, "THE GREAT PAIN RELIEVER," cures Cramps, colic, colds; all pains. 25 cts. a bottle.-[*Adv.*]

We recommend the use of Angostura Bitters to our friends who suffer with dyspepsia.—[*Adv.*]

DR. LYON'S PERFECT TOOTH POWDER. Whitens the teeth and purifies the breath. 25c.—[*Adv.*]

USE BROWN'S CAMPHORATED SAPONACEOUS DENTIFRICE for the TEETH. DELICIOUS. 25c. —[*Adv.*]

Burnett's Flavoring Extracts are the best, the strongest, and most healthful.—[*Adv.*]

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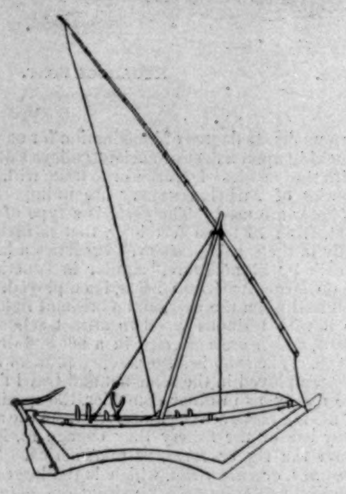
THE FISHING CRAFT OF THE WORLD.

BY CAPTAIN J. W. COLLINS, OF THE UNITED STATES FISH COMMISSION.

ILLUSTRATED BY C. B. HUDSON.

IN the East, where caste and conservatism have blocked the wheels of progress to a greater extent than elsewhere, the most primitive conditions still exist. And there, even in this age of mental activity and advancement, are yet employed devices and structures to supply the place of fishing boats which are doubtless as primitive as any that have ever been used by man. It



THE MACHVA, INDIA.

would be interesting to trace the expansion of human thought as exemplified by the advance in naval architecture, from the rude improvisations of the untaught savage to the proud achievements of civilized man. But it is not within the scope or province of this article to discuss that side of the question; here we shall be limited by geographical considerations, and the differences between the crudest forms of boats and the finest types of vessels that find employment in the fisheries will appear only incidentally.

India is most remarkable among the Eastern countries for the wonderfully strange devices that are still used by its fishermen to serve the purpose of boats or substitutes to support them on or in the water. This is probably due in a large degree to the fact that the fishermen of Hindostan formerly belonged to the servile class of Sudras. They are still occasionally met with in the greatest poverty and degradation, and consequently are compelled to adopt any

FISHING BOATS OF THE LACCADIVE ISLES.

means available which will aid them in prosecuting their trade.*

On the river Indus, in the province of Sinde, a sort of gigantic purse-shaped landing-net is used for taking fish. This is called a "palla-net" by the natives. It has a triangular mouth, and a shaft about twenty feet long. Drifting down river with the current, the fisherman drags this net along in the same manner as the beam-trawl is pulled over the bottom by European vessels. Sometimes the net is operated from a small flat punt, named from the net a *palla-dhundi*. But quite as frequently a fisherman straps several gourds to his back, or floats in the current, balancing himself upon a huge neckless jar, called a "palla-chatty." Floating along in this strange manner—the very acme of primitive cruising on (or in) the water—the native holds the shaft of his net vertically, and patiently and attentively waits for a fish to strike. When one is caught, if the support be gourds, a large needle is thrust through its gills or eyes; it is thus hung on a string to tow beside the float; it is otherwise tossed into the boat or placed in the pot.

Strange to say, the heavy pots are thought to be better than boats for "palla" fishing, and are preferred where the reach within which the fish are to be caught is short. Gourds are most in favor where the fishermen must make a long "cast," or drift, which is sometimes several miles; for no one likes to carry on his head for a long distance the heavy jar and fish that have been caught. In the vicinity of large markets, where the fish can be sold to the shad punts, or *palla-dhundi*, the natives find these rude devices for flotation to serve their purpose very well. At Puri, in Bengal, the fishermen make floats of shola (*Æschynimena aspera*, Linn.), the light, pith-like stems of which are bound together in cylindrical bundles, so that they serve the same purpose as the gourds.

The catamaran used at Madras is as rude in construction as a boat can be, though a marked improvement on the floats heretofore mentioned. One of these is now in the National Museum at Washington, and, according to Dr. Day, this is the only specimen of such a craft that was ever brought to England. It is a little more than thirteen feet long, and consists of several rough tree trunks fastened together with coir ropes (though iron bands were put on it to hold it together while being transported from India). A sail of matting or flimsy cotton is often carried during the prevalence of monsoons. Then the boat has a small outrigger to prevent it from capsizing. The natives are semi-amphibious in their habits, and they manage these half-submerged rafts with much skill, and with perfect indifference to the seas that frequently dash over them. It is said that they will land on a beach or leave the shore in a surf that would destroy an ordinary boat.

A curious canoe that is used for fishing at Jessor, and locally called a *donga*, is made from the stem of the tar-palm, and is generally not more than ten or a dozen feet long and very narrow. The soft pith-like interior is dug out (with the exception of a small section at the narrow end that keeps the water out), leaving only the outer shell, which is thin, and hard as iron-wood. The boat is not modelled by the builder, but conforms exactly to the shape of the tree trunk, which has a rounded bulb-like form at the end. It is a queer spoon-shaped canoe, the larger end, in which the boatman sits, being 30 inches wide, while elsewhere it is less than half that width.

At the Laccadive Islands many remarkable forms of dugout canoes are used for fishing, and also curiously constructed boats with their planks sewed together with coarse twine. All of these carry large setee-sails, like a lateen-sail with the forward corner cut off, and one would be at a loss to understand why the boats do not capsize, if it was not well known that outriggers are commonly used.

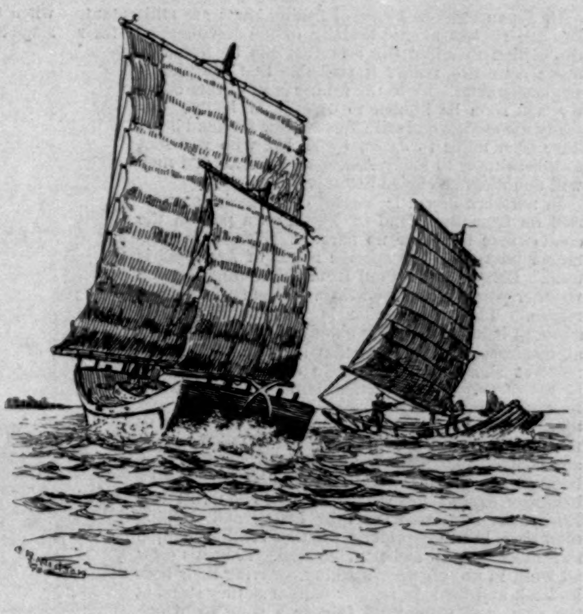
No boat in the world is more distinctive in type nor more noticeable than the *machva*, or *muchva*, which is used in the gill-net fishery from Bombay. Its specific name means fisher or fishers. Its special feature is the keel, the shape of which is at variance with all recognized rules of naval architecture. Instead of being straight or convex, the keel has an arch-like form, rising in the middle, and curving downward at the ends in deep, angular, fin-like projections, the forward one being deepest. This curious keel serves the same purpose as double centre-boards. Its object appears to be the procurement of a boat that will carry her sail well forward, so that the whole of the craft aft of amidships may be free for the stowage and manipulation of the net. The rig consists of a single setee-sail bent to a long yard that is hoisted upon a short mast stepped amidships and raking sharply forward. Odd as this rig may appear, it is evidently well suited to its purpose, for one familiar with it states that "it is scarcely possible to conceive a better rig for a fishing boat."

The *machva* is celebrated for its speed. It is the swiftest of all East-Indian boats. It cannot tack, however, like an ordinary vessel, but must wear around to get the wind upon the opposite side. Boats of this class vary from seven to upward of twelve tons, and the building of one of them is an event of much local importance in the Konkan. When a *machva* is to be launched, its builder gives a dinner to his relatives and friends, all of whom partake freely of the fermented juice of the palm-tree. As the vessel is ready to slide into the water the women break cocoa-nuts upon its bow, as champagne bottles are broken upon the bows of ships.

Several forms of fishing boats are used at Ceylon, but most of them are rude dugouts, or rafts of logs. The most remarkable type is the outrigged canoe, which ranges from 18 to 30 feet in length, seldom exceeds two feet beam, and is usually slightly deeper than wide. The lower part of the hull is dug out from a log, and upon it is built a superstructure of light and hard wood, which is sewed to the bottom section. The necessary stability is secured by a "balance log" attached to the ends of the bamboo outriggers. A large cotton sail is carried, and great speed is attained. It is claimed that these canoes will make upward of 11 miles an hour. In fresh breezes the natives often crawl out on the outriggers to prevent the canoes from capsizing. Similar boats are built by the Malays. At Johore, in the Straits Settlements, a dugout canoe is used for fishing which resembles the boats made by the Alaskan Indians, the specially noticeable feature being a long projecting snout at the bow.

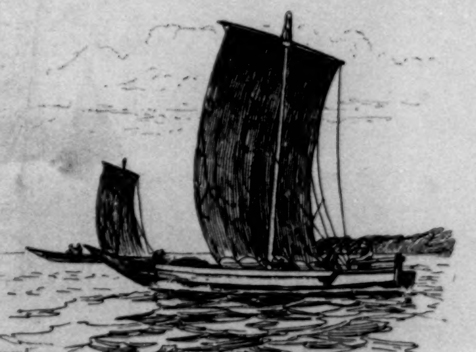
The dugouts of the Celebes are much wider than such boats are usually made in the East. They have fine lines, and since many of them carry large sails, they attain a high rate of speed running with a free wind, but with no keel they are not well adapted to windward sailing. One type of these, called the *soppe*, which fishes for holothurians, is noteworthy, because its rudder is hung very much as rudders were hung on the Norse viking ships many centuries ago.

China has large fleets of fishing boats and junks of many curious forms. The typical junk is the most common. Immense fleets from Ningpo and other ports engage in the squid and trepang (holothurian) fisheries. Rafts, or catamarans made of bamboo are in common use; they are propelled by oars, paddles, poles, and sails. The bamboos curve upward at the bow, which aids the raft to rise over a sea. Like the Madras catamaran, these Chinese boats have an excellent reputation for going safely through a surf.



CHINESE JUNK AND CATAMARAN.

In China, as in India, a dugout canoe is used which is so equipped that it catches fish almost automatically. On one side of the boat a platform (made of bamboo or brush) extends outward into and beneath the water for several feet, while on the opposite side a net is suspended above the gunwale, reaching nearly the whole length of the canoe, its upper edge being two to four feet high. Having moored his boat crosswise of a stream so as to intercept passing fish, the fisherman seats himself astride of one end, and by gently swaying from side to side gives the canoe a rocking motion. This disturbs any fish that may be on the platform, and they immediately spring out of the water in the endeavor to jump over the boat into the river beyond. Their purpose is, however, frustrated by the net, and they fall back into the canoe



THE KAWASAKI, JAPAN.

upon a flooring of grass, matting, or other material that prevents any noise that otherwise might result from their struggles.

In China the teeming population renders the utilization of all food resources important. In some sections the fishermen go out upon the soft mud flats that uncover at low tide to gather any objects that can be procured, and which may be in demand for food or other purposes. Often the mud is too soft to support the fisherman. He therefore

* According to the ancient records of Hindostan, the sea fishermen were of the servile class, or Sudras. It is claimed that in times past they were divided into two grades or classes: those who engaged exclusively in the so-called deep-sea fishery, or beyond their own depth, and those who fished in creeks, backwaters, and from the shore. Dr. Day says, "Now it is only here and there that one comes across some remnants of those people (in India and Burmah), living in small communities, and frequently in the greatest poverty."

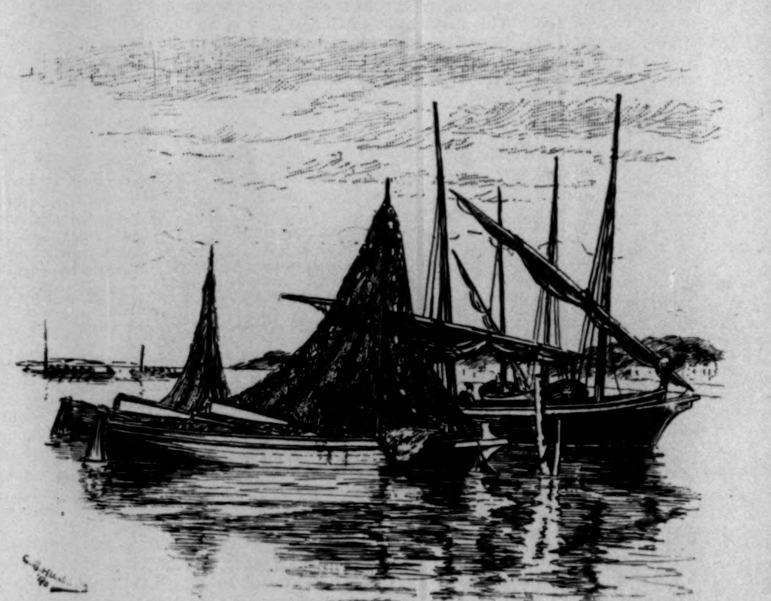
makes use of a diminutive flat-bottomed boat, upon which he kneels with one knee, using his other foot to propel his craft swiftly over the slippery surface of the uncovered sea-bottom. His gleanings are placed in the boat, and when the incoming tide warns him of the danger of longer tarrying, he returns as he came, vigorously pushing his laden craft along its sloppy pathway to the land.

FISHING BOAT OF THE SEA OF GALILEE.

In Japan strange forms of fishing boats are still extant. But the restless mental activity of the Japanese, and their disposition to adopt the best that can be found in other countries, render it probable that the picturesque characteristics of the fishing craft of that country will soon be known to us only in books. Already the models and sail plans of New England boats have been taken to Japan by K. Ito, who was sent to this country to study American fisheries, and they will doubtless be copied extensively.

In northern Japan important cod-fisheries are carried on from the island of Yesso, on a part of the coast where there are no harbors. Here a flat-bottomed boat with the specific name of *kawasaki* is used. Large fleets go out from the shore when the weather permits, and land through the surf on their return. The construction is heavy and clumsy, strength being the quality chiefly valued. In general, the *kawasaki* is very similar in form to the Connecticut sharpie, but differs in details, particularly at the stern. Having a flat bottom, without side-boards or centre-boards, and only a single baggy square sail, it cannot sail to windward, though it makes good progress before the wind. The Japanese are excellent oarsmen, and the large crew that each boat carries seldom find it impracticable to make headway against the wind. They do not row like Europeans and Americans by lifting and dipping their oars, but they prefer a peculiar sculling motion that must be seen to be understood. A boat's crew all work in unison when sculling, swaying their bodies back and forth in regular motion as they stand at the oars, and usually all join in a song by which their movements are timed. The boat locally called the *isobune* (literally a coast boat) occupies a similar position in the Japanese fisheries as is filled by the American dory, which it somewhat resembles.

In western Asia and northern Africa the fishermen still use many queer and primitive forms of boats. McGregor tells us in *Rob Roy on the Jordan* that the wicker boats on the Euphrates are mere baskets an inch thick with pitch. He believes that "Noah's ark was probably made of interwoven trees cased thus with bitumen within and without, and a most serviceable plan this is when mere flotation is the purpose." In the shallows of Hooleh Lake, Palestine,

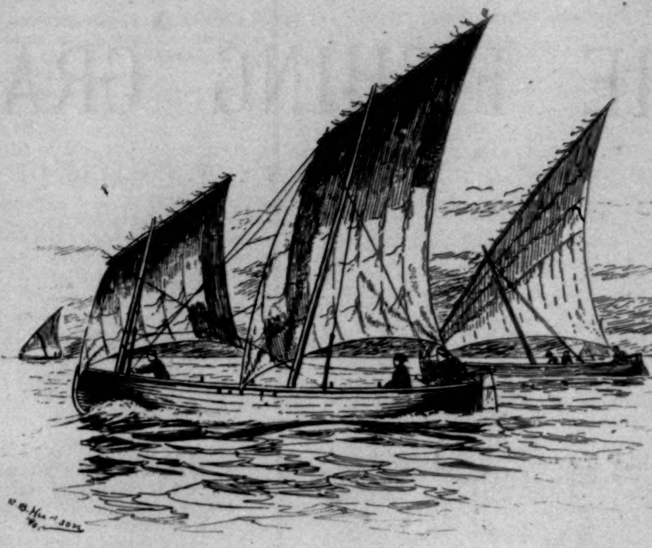


GRECIAN FISHING BOATS.

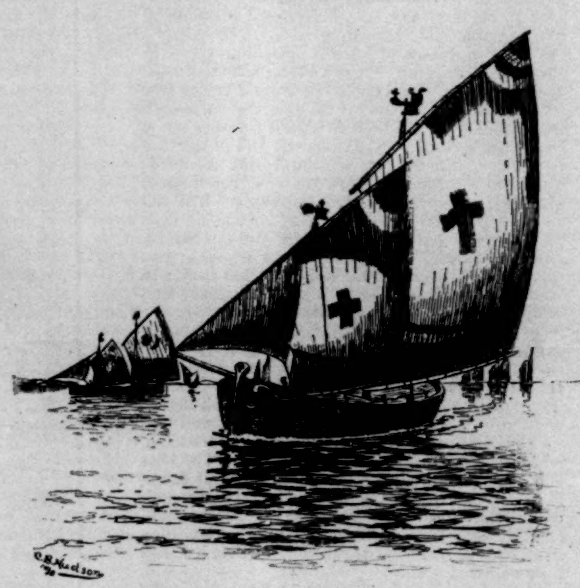
he saw a man afloat on a bundle of reeds, which was being rapidly "punted along," while the spear of the boatman was stuck up like a mast.

The fishermen of the Nile have combined the gourd floats of the Indus and the bulrush raft of Hooleh Lake, and have apparently succeeded in constructing a somewhat better makeshift for a boat than either. The Egyptian encloses a lot of gourds in a net, so that each will be free to float at the surface of the water. Above these gourds is laid a platform of reeds whereon the fisherman sits and drifts upon the river angling for a bite, with his basket which is to receive the catch beside him.

Much interest must always be felt in the fishing boats used on the Sea of Galilee, especially since it is believed that there has practically been no change in these since the remarkable events occurred upon this sea which are recorded in Scripture. McGregor speaks of them as follows: "The boats now used on the lake by the fishers are all about the same size [thirty feet in length], rowing five oars, but very clumsy ones, and with a very slow stroke. Generally only three oars were in use, and I much regret that I failed to remark whether there was a rudder, but I think there was none. Their build is not on bad lines, and rather 'ship-shape,' with a flat floor, likely to be a good sea-boat, sharp and rising at both ends, somewhat resembling the Maltese. The timbers are close and in short pieces, the planks 'carvel built,' and daubed with plenty of bitumen, for that is readily obtained here. The upper streak of the boat is covered with coarse canvas, which adheres to the bitumen, and keeps it from sticking to the crew when they lean upon it. The waist is low, with a sort of stage aft. As there appears to be no reason to suppose that the Turks should have altered, or at any rate improved, the Jewish form of boat on the lake, it is impossible not to regard the modern fishers' boat of Galilee with great interest."



LANCHA DE ALTURA. MUGARDOS BOAT.



BRAGOZZI.

In the Adriatic and Mediterranean seas many types of fishing boats are employed. Indeed, so varied and numerous are the forms that, according to official statements, a bare enumeration of the different kinds of boats used for sea-fisheries along the coast of Italy alone would fill many pages. The limits of this article render it impossible to separately discuss the details of the *batelli, barche, gozzi, schifi, schifetti, bragozzi, paranzella, gaeta, lancha*, and many others; it is practicable to consider only the most important and interesting.

Greece has a limited variety of fishing craft. One type is a sloop-rigged, carvel-built open boat, so common in appearance that it would not look strange on the New England or Canadian shores. Another is, however, vastly more interesting, since its numerous oars and projecting cut-water, or ram, are suggestive of the ancient galleys of Greece, which at one time dominated the neighboring seas, and added to the fame and glory of their country. It is noteworthy that features of naval architecture historically so interesting should have been at least partially retained in the unpretentious boats of humble fishermen. In the hazy indistinctness of an early summer's morning it is interesting to see a fleet of these boats starting out for the fishing-grounds. One hears the clatter incident to getting under-way, the shouts and songs of the boatmen, the splash of many oars falling in the sea with rhythmic regularity; notes vessel after vessel pushing out beyond the harbor heads; sees the swaying forms of many rowers upon those nearer; and it requires only a moderate degree of imagination for one to fancy that he is looking upon a fleet of ancient galleys sailing forth to battle with the enemies of Greece, or to trade with its allies.

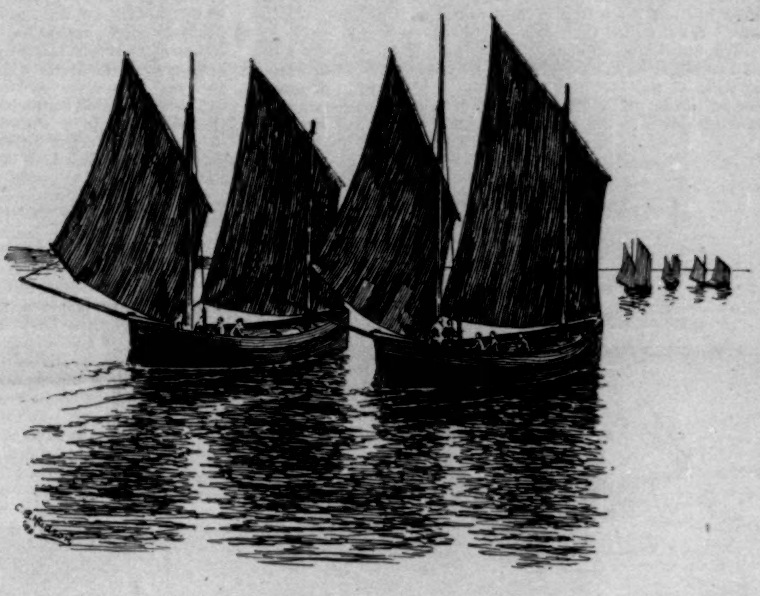
The fisheries of Austria-Hungary are unimportant, and only small boats are used. The *gaeta* is a type of partially decked boat, from 16 to 20 feet long, that is used in Dalmatia chiefly in the sardine fishery. It carries a lateen-sail. A device called "illuminatore," similar in function to the "dragon" on some American boats, is employed. This is fastened upon the bow, and a brilliant light is made in it with resinous wood to attract schools of sardines, which are encircled in a net and dragged on shore. The *leuto* is larger, being 20 to 25 feet long. It is employed in the seine-net and trawl fisheries.

In Italy, as in other countries, the specific names of fishing boats are often derived from the apparatus they use or the fishery they engage in, instead of from the rig or form, as in America. Thus the *paranza*, or *paranzella*, which is the largest of Italian keel fishing-vessels (varying from 10 to 60 tons), derives its name from the great purse-shaped net which it drags over the bottom. The *bragozzi*, or *braga da pesco*, is one of the largest and most interesting types of Italian fishing boats. It has a flat bottom, sharp at each end, moderately convex and slightly flaring sides, sharp bow, round stern, and flush deck. The high stem curves aft, and is often surmounted by a knob; the bow is usually ornamented with scroll-work, and the rudder extends some distance beneath the bottom, thus serving the same purpose as a centre-board in preventing the vessel from drifting to leeward when sailing close hauled. Two lug-sails are carried, the mainsail being much the largest. A jib is also sometimes used. The distinguishing feature of the *bragozzi* is its profuse ornamentation, a peculiarity in which it is not probably equalled by any other craft in the world. The hull is striped in various colors, among which white, black, blue, and red predominate. The sails are commonly of a dusky brick-color for the groundwork, and upon this are many designs in various shades, some of which are fantastic to a degree. This decoration of the sails has a very utilitarian object—that of marking each boat so that she can be easily recognized, even at night. This is necessary, since they work in pairs, each towing one end of a trawling-net called a "cocchina." They can be seen in couples all over the Adriatic Sea, and even in the strongest "bora" they tow their net, driving along under short sail, and luffing to the wind when the gusts are too violent.

In fine weather or when in port these boats carry a most elaborate ornamental device, called a "cimarol," at their mainmast heads. It is carved out of a single piece of wood, the design, which is divided into three fields, being arranged to allegorically represent some religious subject. It is thus described by Faber: "The wood-work, being perforated, presents in itself no hold for the wind, and for this reason the outer edge is bordered with a piece of canvas, which the wind acts on as on a sail; above are two turtle-doves, the messengers of peace and the emblems of constancy, with extended wings, each supporting a windrose; above each turtle-dove are real palm branches, which are fixed there on Palm Sunday and renewed each year, emblematic of success; at the top is the Italian flag, held by a mariner, bearing on one side the initials of the owner; the flag-staff is crowned by the cross; and the whole device is ornamented

BOMSCHIUTEN.

LITHUANIA BOAT. NORDERNEI SLOOP.



PENZANCE LUGGERS.

by a number of small banners, placed there as records, probably in consequence of vows made at the time of escapes from danger. The whole device is extremely elegant, and is a novel and tasteful decoration wherever it may be seen. It gives a fair idea of the simplicity of thought, the piety, and at once the ingenuity of these laborious, nerved, and frugal seamen in their dangerous calling." A similar though less elaborate device is carried at the foremast head. There is more or less variation in design, though the emblems are generally common to all. When the sun shines on them, it is said that their brilliant colors glow in the light like bright metal. The *tartana* is very much like the *bragozzi*, and derives its name from the net it uses.

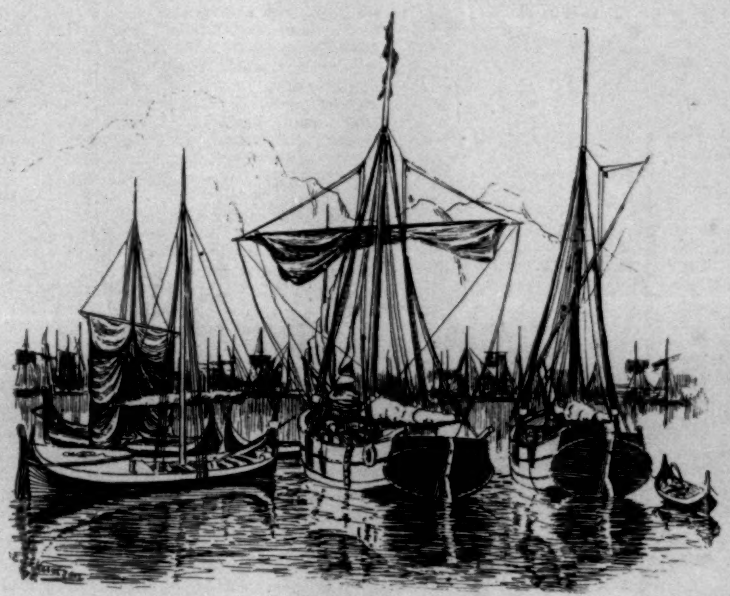
There are various forms of *corallini*—boats employed in the coral fishery—and ten years ago a fleet of 307 of these sailed from the single port of Torre del Greco. Generally these are divided into two classes, called *grandia* and *picoli*, the former ranging from ten to fourteen tons, and the latter from two to six. As a rule, they are sharp at each end, with round bilge and keel, and the larger boats are felucca-rigged, carrying a big lateen-sail and jib. The prevailing type of fishing boat in these waters is a felucca, generally with one mast, though two masts are sometimes carried.

Spain has certain types of fishing craft that are peculiar to that country. Among these are the *lancha de altura*, the *trainera*, and a boat used at Mugardos. The former is an important type, ranging from forty-five to fifty feet in length, an undecked, keel craft with a lug rig, the mainsail being much larger than the foresail, an arrangement of canvas that is due to the deep rudder extending several feet below the keel, and thus bringing the centre of lateral resistance so far aft that the boat is manageable even with most of her canvas near the stern. When sailing close hauled, a lee board (locally called *orza*) is used. Boats of this type are swift, and they frequently go long distances from the land to engage in the deep-sea fishery for tunny, bream, and other varieties.

The *trainera* is a second-class craft, used for fishing near

SWEDISH BANKSKUTA.

the coast; it is smaller than the *lancha de altura*, from which it differs chiefly in size. The *Mugardos* boat is remarkable for the enormous lateen-sail it carries, and for an oddity in its construction—the stern-post raking posteriorly from above, so that the lower end is considerably further aft than its top, a feature that is not elsewhere met with. The *lancha* *del bou*, or bull boat, is similar in form and function to the so-called "ox boats" employed by the French in the Gulf of Lyons. Boats of this type work in pairs, fishing with a large trawl-net, like the *bragozzi* of Italy. They are swift-sailing feluccas, and carry a very large lateen-sail, and occasionally a jib. In recent years screw-steamers that were built in Scotland have been employed in the Spanish fisheries. These are, in all respects, like those sailing from Scotland.



LOFOTEN COD-BOATS, JAEGTS, AND GALEAS.

Portugal, one of the first to participate in the cod-fishery of the New World, has recently re-entered upon that field which she abandoned two centuries ago. Now a small fleet of beautiful American-built clippers sail from her ports each year to the fishing-grounds of the western Atlantic. In strange contrast to these schooners are the various types of *barcas*—*armacões*, *muletas*, etc., that fish along the coast of Portugal. No boat in the world is more picturesque than the *muleta*, which, I believe, carries a greater number of "flying kites" on a single mast than were ever seen elsewhere. The charming writer Lady Brassey tells of meeting a large fleet of fishing boats going out of Cascaes Bay, when the *Sunbeam* was leaving there: "Among them might be seen the now old-fashioned *muletas*, with their quaint bows, on board most of which a man stood on the gunwale throwing water into the sail with a long-handled metal 'skeet.'.... Each boat seemed to carry a large crew; and whatever other varieties of style their builders might have indulged in, one invariable feature was the representation of an eye painted in bold colors on the bow to guard the fishermen from evil, and to insure the protection of the Virgin."

France is noted among the nations of Europe for the importance of its fisheries. Its fishing fleet is not only numerous, but there is much diversity in the boats and vessels that constitute it. With the exception of Portugal and Great Britain it is the only European country that participates in the fisheries on this side of the Atlantic. In the harbors of Newfoundland—where France has special fishing rights now in dispute—at Miquelon, and upon the great Atlantic banks the French schooners, brigs, barks, and an occasional lugger or ketch, are seen in pursuit of the cod. Most of these vessels are quaint and old-fashioned, but otherwise not remarkable. In the fleet are a few of the New England built clippers, now sailing under the French flag; while the American dory has been adopted by the French, to the exclusion of the clumsy, picturesque, lug-rigged shallops—*Bateaux de Peche*—that formerly were universally employed on the Banks to operate the immense trawl lines set for cod. The luggers that fish for mackerel and herring more or less closely resemble the "drifters" employed in the British herring fishery from Yarmouth and Lowestoft, while there is a close family resemblance between the French ketch-rigged smack and that sailing from English ports. This is, of course, most noticeable in vessels recently built, the tendency of the times being the adoption of the best types on both sides of the channel.

Many of the fishing craft of Holland retain all their old-time peculiarities of form and rig. The *bomschiuten*, of Scheveningen, are, perhaps, the most remarkable decked vessels on the globe. Two-thirds as wide as long, clinker built, with narrow flat bottom, rounding bilge, full swelling (almost square) ends, heavy hemp sails tanned a dusky brown, and a rig peculiarly Dutch, the Scheveningen boat is a veritable tub under sail, and is at once the delight of the artist and the wonder of the progressive fisherman. It varies from about 30 to 35 feet in length over all, and is used where there are no harbors—going to sea in the morning and landing upon the beach on its return. The welled vessels that carry live eels from Holland to Billingsgate are nearly as clumsy, and the flat-bottomed, scoop-bowed Zuyder Zee boats are odd specimens of naval architecture. The modern lugger, sloop, and schooner have superseded the old *hookerschip*, or *buss*, which until 1867 still sailed from Holland to the North Sea herring fisheries, its clumsy hull, that had not changed in centuries, floundering slowly along, left far behind in the wake of its swifter competitors. The modern Dutch sea-fishing vessel is a sturdy, sea-worthy boat, and vastly swifter than the old *buss*.

The largest fishing vessels of Belgium are ketch-rigged, like the English trawlers. A large, open, clinker-built boat, locally called a sloop, is employed in trawling. It is almost as wide and tub-shaped as the Dutch *bomschiuten*. It carries two square-headed lug-sails, the mainsail more than twice as big as the foresail. The rudder extends some distance below the stern-post.

The German vessels employed in the off-shore fisheries have generally been copied after those of Holland or England. The sprit-rigged sloop of Heligoland, with its full bluff ends and low bilge, is preferred by the islanders to any

BRITISH "DANDY-RIGGED" CUTTERS.

other boat. It has an excellent reputation for sea-worthiness; will rise like a duck over the sharpest seas, and it is claimed that it will outlive the fierce gales that frequently sweep over this part of the German Ocean. One result of using a sprit-sail on so large a craft—30 feet long—is that few of the fishermen are exempt from hernia, brought